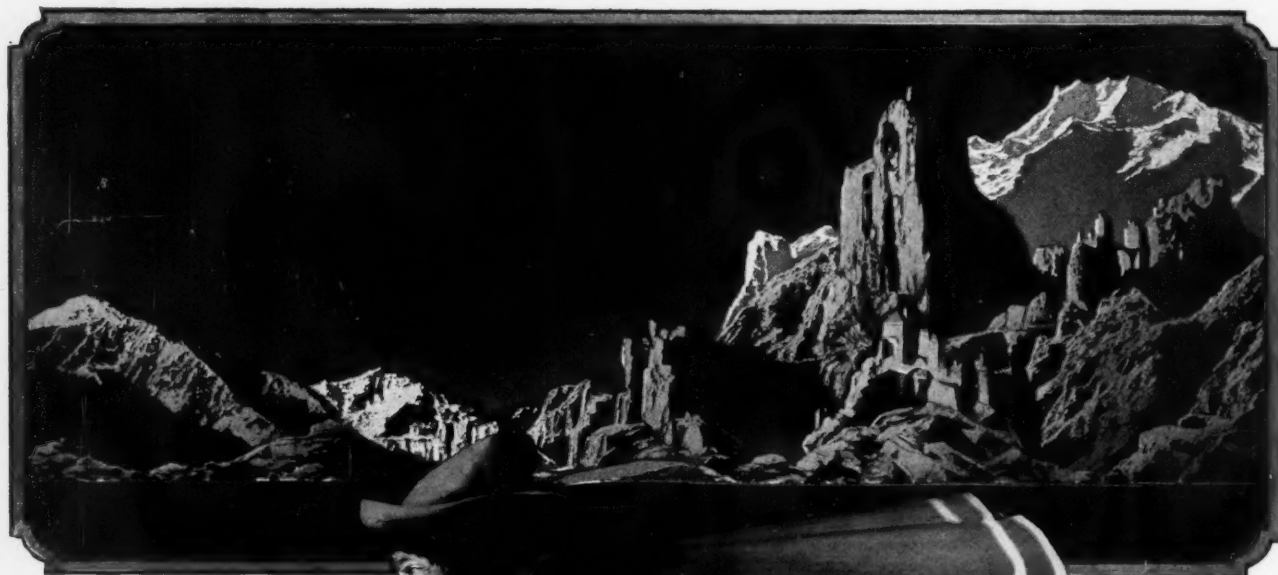




"Life is worth the living
If it's just to live with you."

NOTICE TO READER—After reading this copy place a 1 cent stamp here, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of a soldier or sailor at the front. No wrapping; no address.



A Reproduction of
an original painting
made for The Fisk
Rubber Company
by Maxfield Parrish

FISK TIRES

The Modern Magic Shoes

· LIFE ·

OMAR OMAR

EVEN THE WORDS BLEND

THE wireless for *aroma*
is the call for Omar—
It's the perfect Turkish
blend—the triumph of rich
Turkish and ripe accentu-
ating leaves that gives *aroma*
to OMAR.



*Aroma makes a cigarette—
they've told you that for years*

OMAR

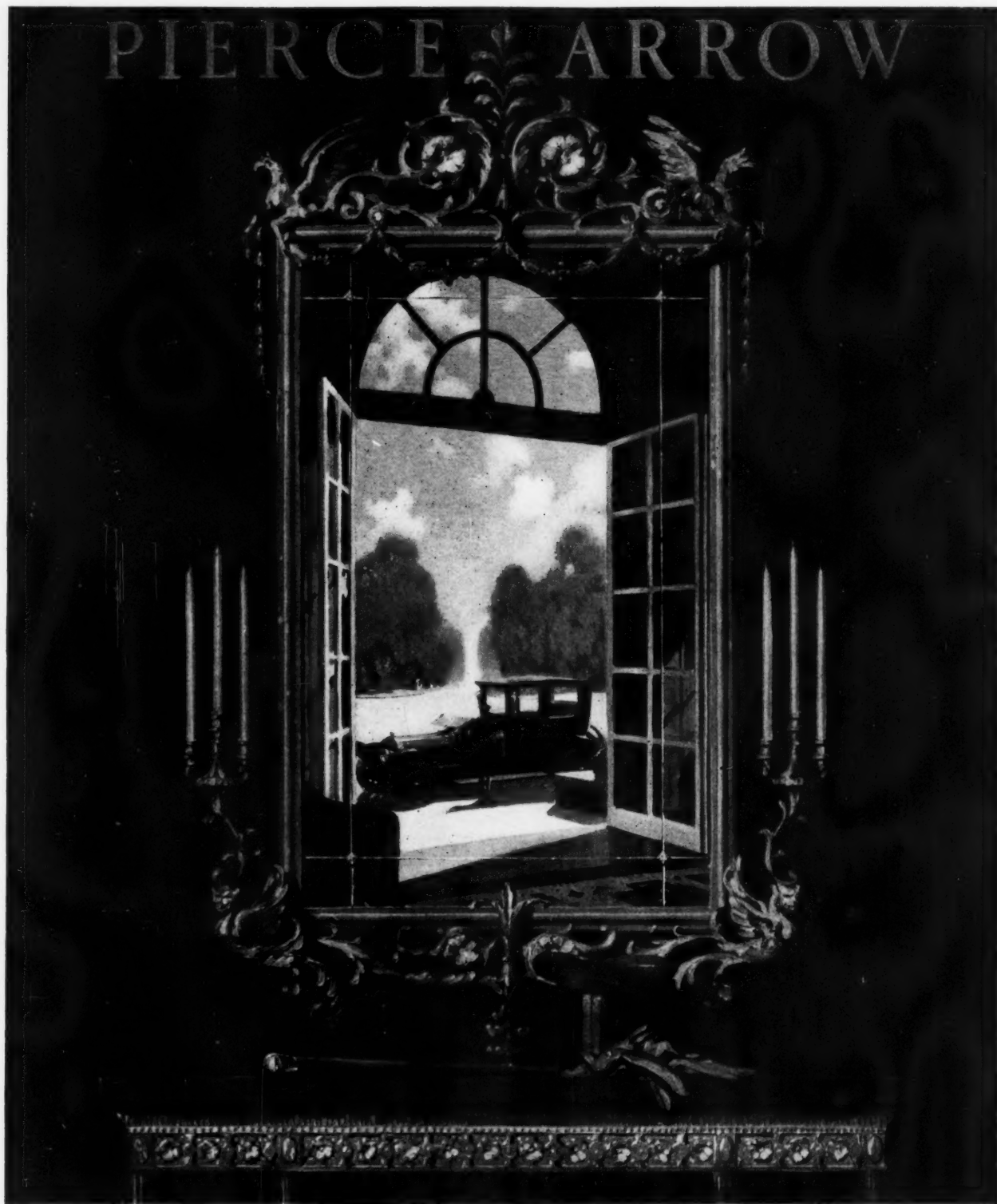
CIGARETTES

"Smoke Omar for Aroma"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

· LIFE ·

PIERCE-ARROW



THE Pierce-Arrow offers that rare and unusual service of looking the part while performing it. To those to whom a motor car is a part of a carefully thought out and appropriate appanage, the distinction of the Pierce-Arrow is valued as highly as its efficiency.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

B
Ab
Inc
prov

Chemistry Land

Germany owes her power of endurance to her chemists.—*Scientific report.*

WE breakfast on chemical sausage
And chemical butter and bread.
When dinner is lacking, our chemists
Invent something better instead.
For we are the Chemical Nation;
On chemical genius we stand.
Up! Up with our substitute lager
And drink to our Chemistry Land!

Our chemical jams are delicious
With chemical pretzels or cake.
Our chemical soups* are improvements
On soups that the foreigners make.
Our chemical coffee is relished
By Kaiser and colonels and clerks.
Our chemical tripe is a triumph.
Hurrah for our chemical works!

Our people are famously pious;
They worship a chemical God—
A synthesized sort of Creator
Created by Doctor von Madd.
The heathen may pray to Jehovah;
The heathen are years out of date.
They know not the product of Deutschland,
They know not our idol, the State.

Then here's to our chemical sausage,
Our chemical butter and bread!
And here's to our dexterous chemists
And all of us chemical-fed!
And here's to our national honor
That surely will carry us through!
You say the supply is exhausted?
Ach! chemical honor will do!

L. H. R.

*Literally translated: "supersoups."

Pétrole Hahn

For Beautiful
Soft Hair



Ill-conditioned hair, no matter how stylishly coiffured, is a great disappointment. Pétrole Hahn with its natural Petroleum (daintily perfumed) will nourish and stimulate your hair—cleanse it, keep it soft, wavy and of silky sheen. Sizes \$1.50 and \$1 at dealers or by parcel post.

PARK & TILFORD
Sole Agents New York

"The Crowning Glory"
—a fascinating little
brochure, sent free
on request.

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.



"Yes, it certainly has
cleared my skin"

Resinol Soap

"After years of experimenting with all sorts of things for my skin, I began to use Resinol Soap. In a very few days I could see a marked improvement.

"It seems impossible that anything so simple as washing my face twice a day with hot water and a delightful toilet soap can have done more good than all those tedious, expensive treatments, but the fact remains that now my complexion is clear, with the natural glow of health and youth that I feared it had lost for good."

If you are having trouble with your complexion, if you find that an unattractive skin is a handicap in your social or business life, think what it would mean to have your problem solved so easily!

Try Resinol Soap a week and you will know why you will want it the year round. The soothing, healing Resinol medication in it reduces the tendency to blotches and oiliness, soothes irritated pores, offsets the effects of neglect or improper treatment, and brings out the real beauty of the complexion, giving Nature the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

Resinol Soap is excellent, too, for the hair and for a baby's tender skin. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

His Part

A DISTINGUISHED foreign visitor to this country was being shown about Washington. During the course of the day he was conducted to the senatorial galleries, where he sat for some time in puzzled silence. Finally he turned to his guide.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I do not quite understand this feature of your government. Who are all these gentlemen who seem to be asleep in their

seats, and what are they doing here?"

"They are patriots," replied the guide, a trifle wearily, "and they are waiting to pass the Airplane Bill."

"And that one vociferous gentleman who shouts at the top of his lungs—is he also a patriot?"

"Yes," answered the guide. "He also is a patriot. He furnishes the air."

GERMANY now has her hands full, which seems to be more than can be said of her stomach.



Life Saving

Before the war a careful estimate showed that for every copy of LIFE sold there were seven readers. This was a higher average than that of most periodicals, for various natural reasons.

But consider now, during this era of saving, and the great demand for the best current reading—and especially the best pictures, just what a copy of LIFE means.

When you buy a copy of LIFE you never can tell just how much good you may be doing to a wide circle of readers. That copy, three weeks later, may be read in a trench on the battle line. Some copies have been known recently to pass through 28 hands. They keep on going.

When you obey that impulse, therefore, and either buy your LIFE or become a regular subscriber, it is a multiple act.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52;
Foreign, \$6.04.)

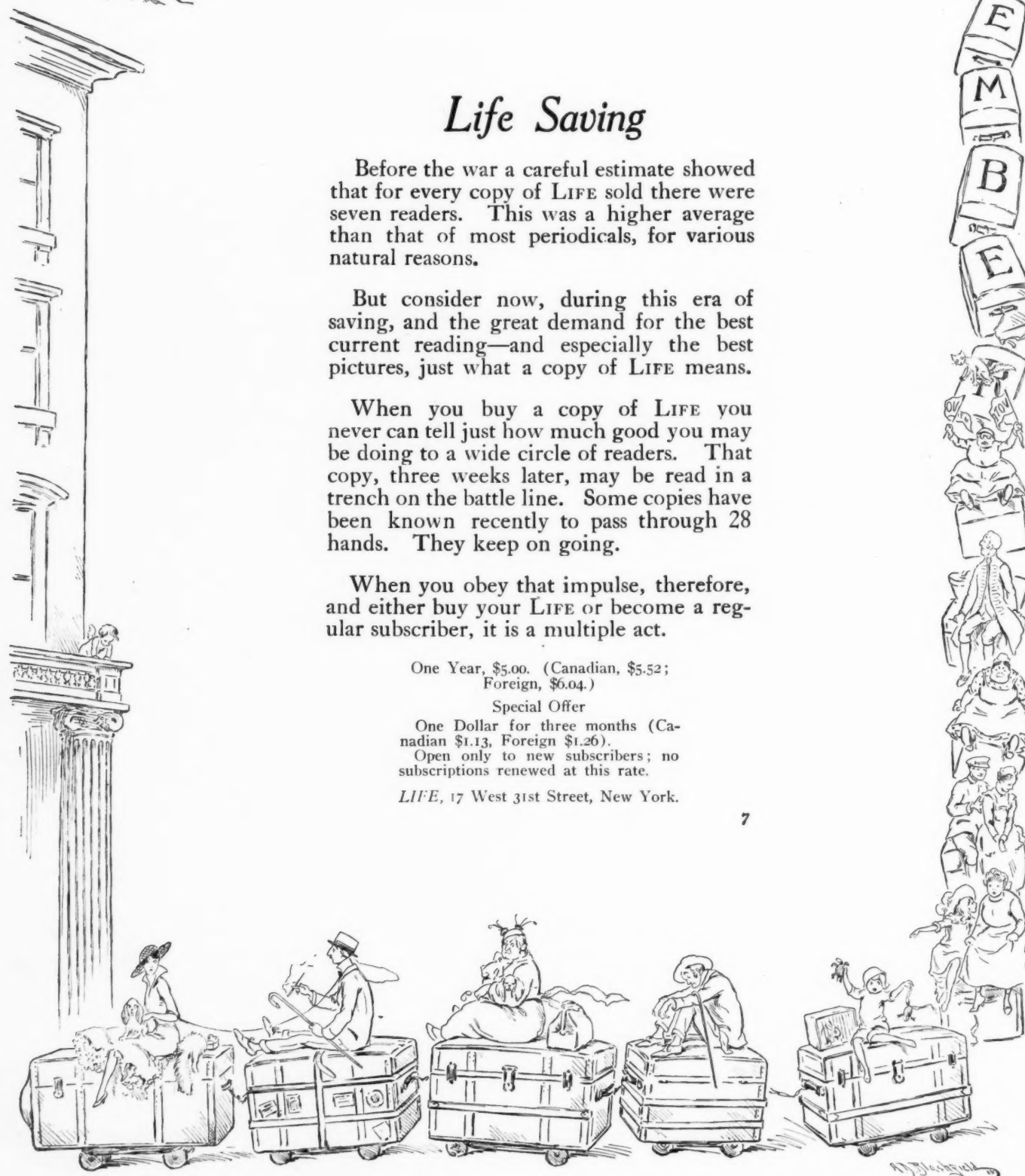
Special Offer

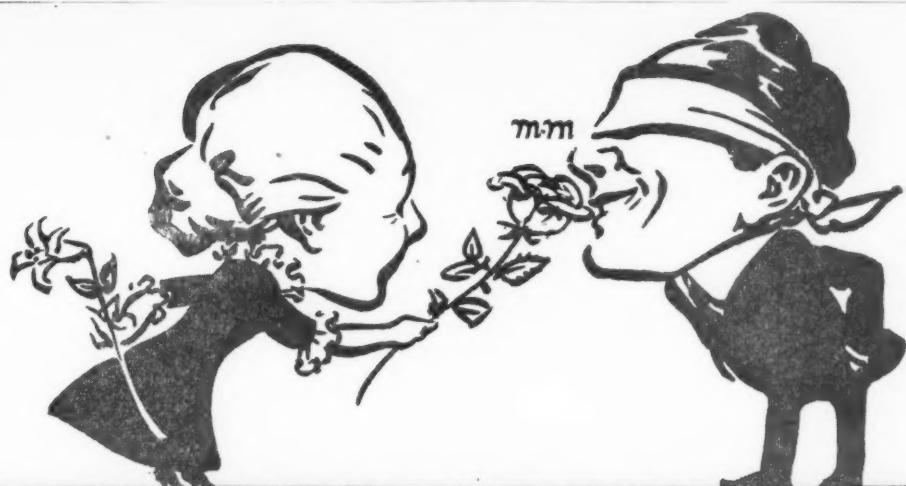
One Dollar for three months (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26).

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

7





*Could anyone fool you on a rose
—with your eyes blindfolded?*

Of course NOT!

“Your Nose Knows”

By its *fragrance* alone does the rose make its universal appeal. Nor can anyone fool you on tobacco, either, if you rely on your unerring, personal sense of *pure fragrance*. Tobacco without a definite fragrance is like a rose without perfume—
“Your Nose Knows.”

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

is the *rose of tobaccos*. Its rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass region of Old Kentucky are so carefully aged and blended that its *pure fragrance* is as individual, as appealing as the rose. There is no fragrance like it—“Your Nose Knows.”

Try This Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

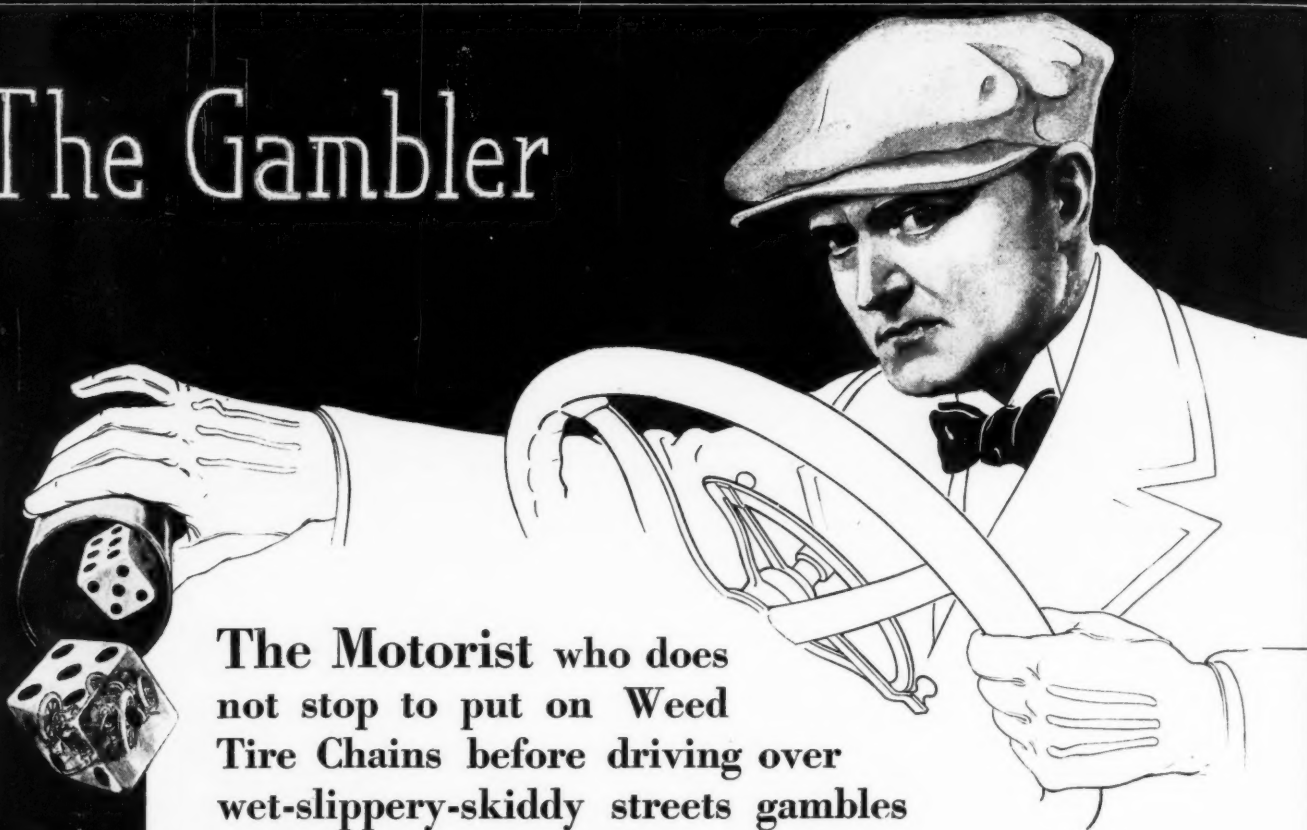
“Your Nose Knows”

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Don't tilt the dice-box with Fate—don't pit your skill against the Skid that lurks at every turn of the wheel, when streets are wet and treacherous.

No matter how skillfully and carefully you may drive, you and your passengers are in imminent danger if Weed Tire Chains are not on all four wheels when the rain whips streets into black deadly skidways.

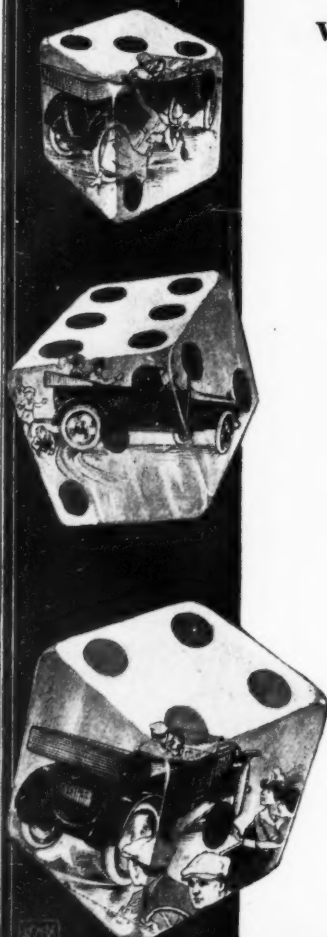
Give your Weed Chains a chance to perform their mission. Don't leave them in the garage or tool box—put them on the tires. Only a moment of your time and their steel forged protection will be securely chaining your car to safety.

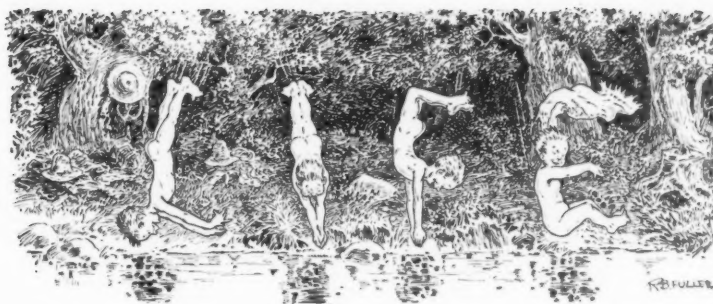
Weed Chains are sold by dealers everywhere for all sizes of the hundred and more "fancy tread" tires.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS

Bridgeport  Connecticut

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario





Making the World Safe

"MADE safe for Democracy" rings
mighty fine,
But high-sounding politics ain't in our
line.
'Tain't that makes us chuck up our jobs
and enlist
For giving the Kaiser a taste of a fist.
But this is the reason stowed under
our lids:
We're making it safe for the missus
and kids.

They've taken the men-folks and used
'em for slaves,
They've driven the women to worse
than their graves,
They've taken the babies and cut off
their hands,
And murdered the bravest and peace-
fullest lands,
And this is the notion tucked under
our lids:
It's somebody's missus and somebody's
kids.

We ain't any braver—it might have
been us,
And that's why we're doing our bit in
the fuss.
We don't know the rules of the high-
sounding game,
Perhaps in the end it all comes to the
same.
But this is the notion stowed under
our lids:
We're making it safe for the missus
and kids.

McLandburgh Wilson.

SHE: Don't you think you ought at
least to make enough money to
support me?

HE: It wouldn't make any differ-
ence; even then I couldn't support you,



STYMIED



"JUST LOOK AT THESE ARBUTHNOTS, HENRY. THEY'VE BROUGHT UP THEIR CHILDREN AS USEFUL CITIZENS, AND NOW THEY ARE RICH THE POOR CHILDREN CAN'T STOP WORKING."

Mother Goose

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And putting it up at auction, she sold
the fleece and other nourishing
portions for such a fabulous sum,
and realized such a handsome
profit in the stocks that she bought
with the proceeds, that now every-
where that Mary goes various lim-
ousines, maids, dressmakers, tai-
lors, jewelers and bond men
Are sure to go.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there
She discovered that a syndicate had
taken out the privileges and had

portioned off the bone into lots,
had the title transferred, and had
made enough money to hire a cor-
poration lawyer to defend them
against any possible government
interference. And so neither Mrs.
Hubbard nor her poor dog
Got anything.

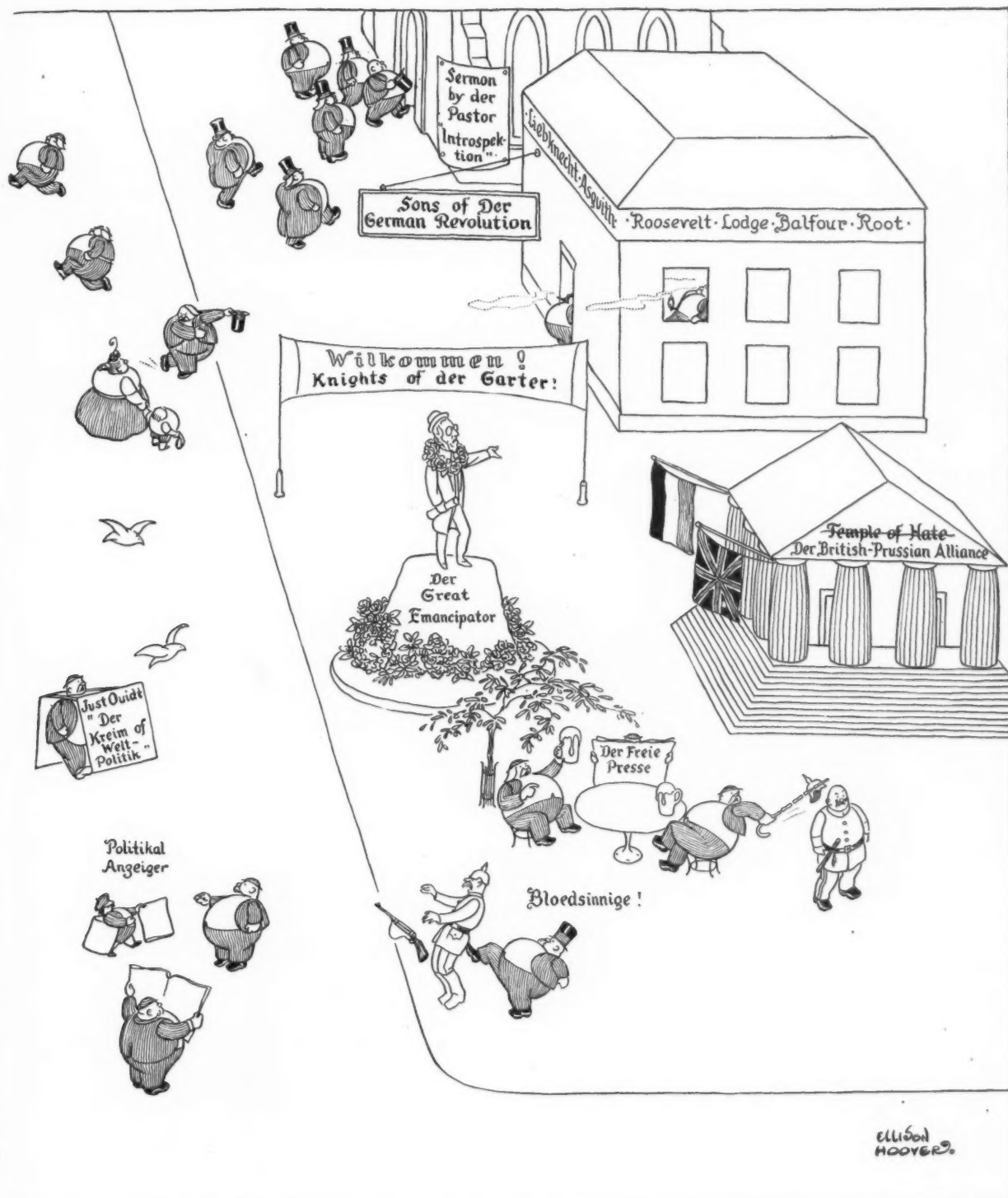
There was a little man
And he had a little gun
And the bullets were made of lead.
At least, so he supposed, until upon in-
vestigation he discovered that, al-
though he had been given two
years' notice, the gun was so old
that it couldn't be used, and as for
the bullets, there was only one on
hand and that didn't fit. Neverthe-
less he said to himself, "I will
raise my little gun and take a shot

at Fritz Hun," which he did, and
in about five or six years of con-
stant shooting, in which the little
man had spent everything he had,
he succeeded in
Shooting off his head.



A SOT TO CERBERUS





DER DEUTSCHE REPUBLIK



THE LANGUAGE OF—VEGETABLES

Mark Twain and Distinction

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, biographer of Mark Twain, says in the September *Harper's* that Mark was probably the most distinguished American of the middle eighties—certainly the most widely known. "Not only was he America's platform star, but as publisher of General Grant's *Memoirs*, he had attained an envied position in the world of book-making."

Distinguished is rather a loose word. It covers a collection of qualities and conveys different ideas to different minds. There were living in the middle eighties P. T. Barnum, Neal Dow, George Francis Train, Ben Butler, Whittier, Whitman, Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Jeff Davis, General Fremont and William Evarts. Grover Cleveland was about to be President; Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were alive, also George William Curtis and Roscoe Conklin, also an impressive group of college presidents—McCosh, Porter, Woolsey, Eliot. Mark was by no means the only pebble on the American beach of the middle eighties.

If to be distinguished means advertisement, Barnum, Fremont, General Grant, General Sherman and Ben Butler could have run Mark pretty hard.

If it means distinction, the claim for Mark is easily debatable. He never went in for distinction and never had much. Neither did Walt Whitman. He did go in for advertisement, and already in the eighties had acquired an abundant supply of it.

Mark was one of the most interesting human compositions that there has been. He would have skilfully deprecated the idea that at the age of fifty he was the most distinguished American. He was a mixture of modesty and vanity; a child of letters and of nature, who never grew up; one of the most ignorant of men as he often declared, and one of the most gifted.

Yet he was not so ignorant as he professed to be. He dealt extensively in self-disparagement, counteracting it by wily devices, like his white suit, to keep his hold on the public mind and his picture next to reading matter in the newspapers.

What is "distinction" anyway? Is it a quality of the spirit? an attribute of character? One does not get it by dressing up. Tailors do not confer it; neither do editors or publishers. Possibly it is allied with the power to command. It is power to command respect. Knowledge does not necessarily bring it, but perhaps wisdom helps to.

Mark Twain was hardly wise, though he was shrewd and kind. His taste was very uncertain, and his lack of confidence in it, whether as applied to writing or other things, is very amusing as it appears in his letters. His letters are very good reading. He almost always made good reading when he wrote. He had that gift. Perhaps the basis of it was in his subconscious mind. Perhaps talent is subconscious—a storage of faculties not always at the command of the active mind, but which the active mind is able at times to get at and draw upon.

Mark was distinguished in the sense of being distinct and conspicuous, but not in the sense of possessing what most of us understand as distinction. He spent his strength, not to command respect, but to excite interest and afford entertainment. Webster, Clay and Hamilton had distinction, but were not as well balanced as Mark. Mark was pretty strong morally, but spiritually inarticulate. He was a bad hand at direct preaching. He could gird handsomely at the wicked, particularly if they were hypocrites; he loved the truth so far as he could see it, though his truth-sight was not infallible; but as a winner of souls, he was not the equal of Thackeray or Victor Hugo; neither did he have the distinction of those writers.

However, he didn't need distinction, and probably would not have felt comfortable in it. He had plenty of other things, and remains one of the invaluable properties of English-reading people. *E. S. M.*



WHY WE HAVE GERMANS

The Fable of the Tortoise and Congress

THE tortoise, having defeated the hare in the celebrated race, during which the hare overslept himself, was looking around for more laurels to add to his crown. "I must find somebody whom I can beat even though he never stops running," he said despondently, "and the outlook is decidedly gloomy." At this juncture Congress appeared, wobbling along in a drunken manner. "O-ho!" cried the tortoise, greatly relieved, "I never thought of Congress! This is really too soft!" So saying, he challenged Congress to a race. Congress, being proud of its all-around athletic ability, immediately accepted the challenge. The race started almost immediately, and a few hours later the tortoise crossed the finish line alone. Congress still remained at the starting-post, attempting to disentangle its legs. Filled with elation at having won, the tortoise sat down to await his rival. After waiting all the day and half the night, he was overcome by fatigue and fell asleep. While he was in this condition, Congress lumbered heavily under the wire. "Who won?" asked a reporter who had arrived on the scene a trifle late. "Why, I did, of course," replied Congress, noting that there was nobody in sight to dispute his claim. That's why some people are still unaware of the fact that a tor-



Perkins of Peoria: I'D GIVE A YEAR'S PAY TO KNOW WHAT SHE MEANS
BY JETAME.



Sam: PLEASE LET ME ALONE FOR A WHILE. I HAVE TROUBLES ENOUGH JUST NOW.

toise can run rings around Congress where speed is concerned.

MORAL. The race isn't always to the swift; but the credit usually goes to him with the swiftest press-agent.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Democracy and the Pope

IN the world made safe for Democracy, the influence of the Pope will be greater if the electorate which chooses him can be enlarged a bit.

The old joke of having the Pope selected by Italians is getting somewhat stale. Democracy will want a more

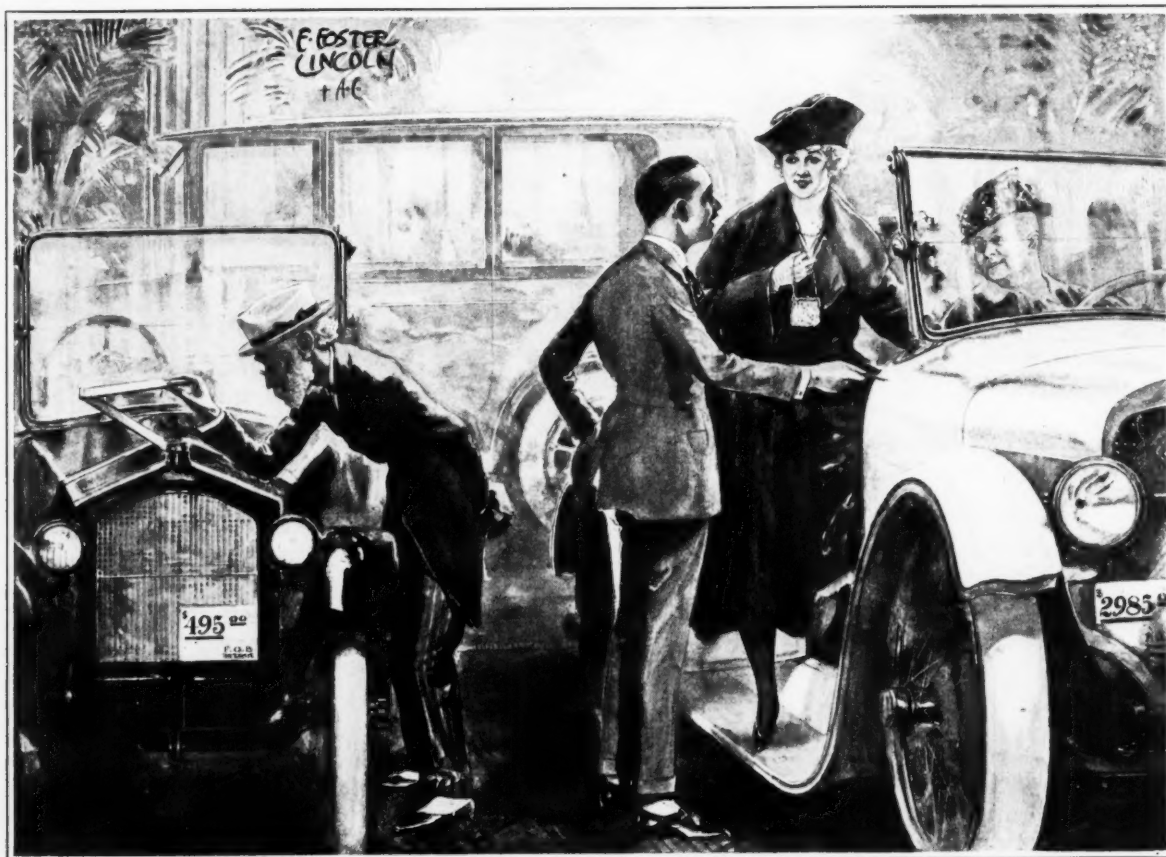
representative figure, and perhaps more frequent elections. Imagine the Roman Catholic Church sending members to-day to an electoral college to choose a presiding bishop for a term of three years! How many delegates would go instructed for Mercier of Belgium!

German airmen set two Verdun hospitals afire, then kill nurses and wounded men in their beds.

—Newspaper headline.

HOORAY!

It really seems, at times, as if there was no limit to German Kultur.



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 15

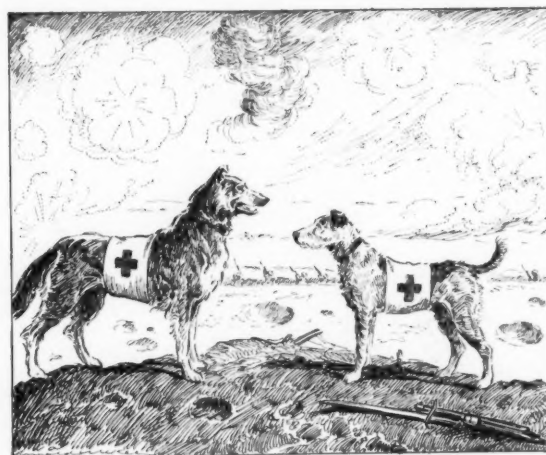
WITH THE HELP OF ONE OF MOLLY'S FRIENDS, WHO IS IN THE BUSINESS, THE PROFESSOR PICKS OUT A CAR

Get a New Idea, General

GENERAL VON LIEBERT thinks the Germans cannot sign a peace before they have "the Flanders coast, a colonial empire and maritime bases."

It sounds modest, but he counts on getting the rest later. "Should we not get this much now," he says, "we must prepare to work for it after the war, in view of the next war."

Save yourself trouble, General. The main purpose of this war has come to be to avert that other war you speak of, even though the whole company of German masters who think as you do have to walk the plank. War as the great German industry, is awfully unpopular. Even in Germany it has considerably lost favor. Think again, General! It is time you German masters had a new idea. If you can't invent one, take it from us, you are all going to be killed! It will have to be done. The only question is whether the Allies or the Germans will do it.



"I WONDER WHY THEY DON'T MUZZLE US OVER HERE, AS THEY DO IN NEW YORK?"

A Partial Accounting

TEN Iron Crosses

In the Kaiser's shrine:
A Zep commander killed a child:
Then there were nine.

Nine Iron Crosses

On the Kaiser's slate:
A Prussian sank a Red Cross ship:
Then there were eight.

Eight Iron Crosses

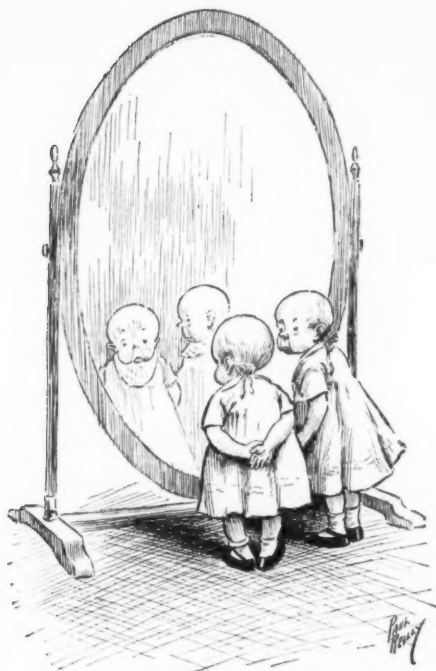
On the Kaiser's knee:
Five Huns invented poison gas:
Then there were three.

Three Iron Crosses

On the royal Hun:
Three Germans shelled a church in
France:
Then there were none.

YE FAIR KNITTER: Isn't it
dreadful! They say the war may
last three years longer!

YE UNFAIR KNOCKER: Possibly that
will give you time to finish one of those
socks you are knitting for the soldiers.



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, NICODEMUS,
WE'VE ONE THING TO BE THANKFUL FOR
—NOBODY WILL EVER CALL US 'CUTE.'"



Uncle Sam: QUICK! WHERE ARE MY WEAPONS?
The Good Fairies: WHY SO IMPETUOUS? YOUR SWORD WILL BE READY IN DECEMBER,
YOUR SPEAR BEFORE SPRING AND YOUR HORSE WHEN WE GET HIM.

Why Many Are Holding Back

The question the United States have got to answer, and to answer quickly, however, is a much more serious one; it is, How about the drafts? These drafts, it must be remembered, are not going to be composed of a lot of boys so anxious to get to the front that they will submit to inoculation at the hands of non-commissioned officers and vaccination at the hands of medical recruits. They will be going to serve their country willingly from a sense of duty, but that sense of duty will not extend to being poisoned and paralyzed in the name of general immunity.

—Christian Science Monitor.

AWKWARD questions.

In times of peace a citizen may choose his own medical treatment. But

a soldier becomes "material" for experiment, and dangerous experiments at that.

Many thousand men would prefer the chances of a German bullet to the filthy stuff shot into them by the doctors.

Two-Per-Cent. Beer

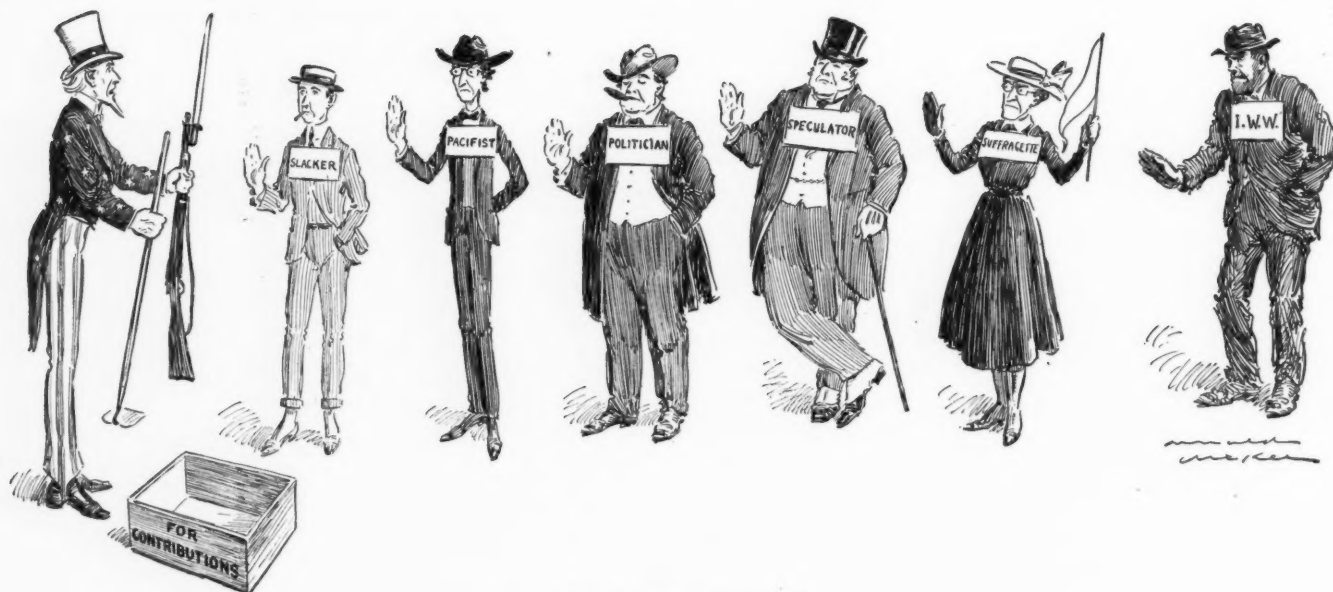
THE papers say Hoover is going in for two-per-cent. beer.

If the beer-drinkers like it, nobody should object.

But the Prohibitionists will object, of course.

The difference between them and Hoover is that he is working for mankind, and they for prohibition.

PROBLEM: Which will disappear from the earth first—kings or food?



"OURS NOT TO DO OR DIE"

They Were So Glad to See Him

"I AM taking some notes about civic pride," said the urbane stranger, as he wandered into the up-to-date community. "I suppose you have such a thing?"

"Well, I should say we had," said the corner real estate agent. "I am loaded with it myself."

"Good!" replied the agent, taking out his memo book. "I'll make a note of it. This, you will understand, is a more or less scientific inquiry, and I shall make my estimates as carefully as possible, with all due regard to the human equation. Who, should you say, has the most civic pride in town?"

"That is some problem," replied the agent, "but you might go across the way to the Woman's Club. Out of courtesy to the ladies I am ready to yield the palm."

"Yes," said the president of the Woman's Club, when she had heard the visitor's errand. "We have the most civic pride, of course. The Town Council thinks it has, and the Board of Education thinks it has, but pay no attention to them; we are on the job day and night; as a factory for turning out civic pride, nobody in this vicinity can beat us. You want to hear

my lecture on the subject at the next meeting."

"Thanks," said the visitor, "but you will appreciate that in these piping times of war, I am a busy man, and must hurry on. Has anybody else any civic pride here that you could name?"

He was presented with a list and went about town getting them all down. At the end of several days, all the organizations in town that dealt in civic pride got together and arranged for a banquet for the distinguished stranger. They were immensely proud that he had come among them.

It was a great affair. The mayor, who was swelling with civic pride, vied with the president of the Woman's Club. It was, indeed, a neck-and-neck race between them as to who had the greater quantity of civic pride.

At the end of the banquet, when they were all bidding the guest good-bye with tears streaming down their faces, the only pessimist in town got up and said:

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for obtruding my repellent personality on this joyful assemblage, but our dear guest will not, I am sure, object to answering a simple question. I have no civic pride myself, but do you mind,

sir, telling me the object of your visit to this lovely little burg?"

"Certainly not," said the guest, as he prepared to take a quick slant through the door, "no objection at all. You see, my friends, civic pride is the only thing that the government hasn't taxed. You'll get your bills a little later, based on your own estimates. Much obliged for all your first-hand information."

T. L. M.



HOW THE OTHER HALF — DIES



IN THE RANKS



SEPTEMBER 13, 1917.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 70
No. 1820Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



EVERY BODY seems satisfied with Mr. Wilson's answer to the Pope except the present German government, and the papers that speak for it. They disapprove, naturally. They could not be expected to exult in an utterance that proposes to put them out of business. And some of the neutrals are dolorous because they think it defers peace. On the contrary, it helps to peace. There can be no peace except on a stable basis. When Mr. Wilson said: "We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure," he simply rejected the suggestion of a peace that everyone feels could not be trusted.

Of course he may be mistaken. He says that to deal with the present German government on the plan proposed by the Pope, "would, so far as we can see, involve a recuperation of its strength and a renewal of its policy."

It might not. If the Germans got peace on any terms, their first use of it might be to take out political insurance against renewal of the policy that has lined up all the world to fight them. But we cannot take chances about that. We cannot make peace on the chance that the Germans have had enough of might-makes-right, and blood and iron, and *Deutschland über Alles* and Pan-Germanism. We cannot count on the Germans having sense enough to know what is best for them, and resolution enough to get it. We

cannot gamble on German intelligence. Somehow they must contrive reasonable assurance that after the war they will be safe neighbors. Until they do so, we shall have to go on fighting them.

When peace comes there will be a lot of Germans left, and it will be desirable that they shall be able to make a living. It will be desirable, too, that they shall begin at once to add to the world's wealth so depleted by the war, and that they shall have a fair chance as earnest workers to share such happiness and prosperity as may be recovered. Mr. Wilson takes account of all that. The terms he suggests are the best the Germans can hope for. Cured of their madness and extricated from the control of their master lunatics, they can come back into the family of nations. They cannot hope for a better offer than that.



THE National Security League reports "an alarming indifference towards the war," especially in the rural districts. It is a thing one does not notice unless it is pointed out. So far as we can see, interest in the war is pretty lively, and especially so when one considers how far away it is. Certainly our plans for participation are enormous, the people of the country are backing them, and they seem to be going along at considerable speed.

There are only two ways to maintain a condition of excitement about

the war. One is to work at it, the other to read newspapers all the time. A vast number of people are at work at it, but the majority of our population is busy at supplementary jobs, and cannot spare but a part of their time to read newspapers. The farmers, for example, are mighty busy, and there are many of them. It is just as well that they should not take time off to get excited about the war until after the harvest. Everyone who works nowadays works for the war, for it is the great customer for all labor. Everyone who has not got the war on his mind should get it there, for nothing else is worth thinking about in comparison with it. But so long as camps are filling, and pacifists are being chased around, and troops are being shipped, and more troops by the hundred thousand are being trained, and ships and airplanes are building at the present rate, and money by the billion is being gathered, loaned and spent, why does anyone feel that our "indifference to the war is alarming"?

If the plans are not good, and the people are not backing them, make complaint by all means. But so far as we know, the plans are good and are going along with great power, aided by an extraordinary proportion of the best men in the country.



ONE hears from Washington that this idea that this country is indifferent about the war prevails very much in some parts of Europe. Some of the French know better: some of the British know better. The instructed persons among all the Allies know better. But one hears that the neutrals have no idea of what is going on in this country, and have not yet got it into their heads that we are in earnest.

So say some of the neutral emissaries who come to Washington. They have seen for themselves what these States are up to, and know, and will tell their compatriots when they get back.

And perhaps when the neutrals have found out, they will tell the Germans—not the High Command, which may



AN OLD TRICK

have found out by this time that the Yankees have waked up, but the mass of the Germans whom Mr. Wilson is so desirous to have bestir themselves and make a strike for a good peace.

There ought to be a good peace pretty soon. Some of the ideas necessary to its achievement are taking shape and finding acceptance in the minds of men. Mr. Wilson included most of them in his answer to the Pope, when he suggested a peace without punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires or the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, but not without trustworthy guarantees that the Germans will not

be led astray again and run amuck through creation.

The peace that Mr. Wilson wants is our old friend peace-without-victory that he has wanted all the time. But since he has started in to fight for it, it gets a warmer welcome than it did when he first brought it out. He will take it *with* victory if he can't get it without, and that makes all the difference in the world. But if the German Empire insists upon being smashed before it will make a trustworthy peace, Heaven knows what dismemberment will befall it. Once the Prussian war-masters are beaten, if Bavaria and Saxony choose to split off from them

there will be no one to coerce them into an unwelcome union.



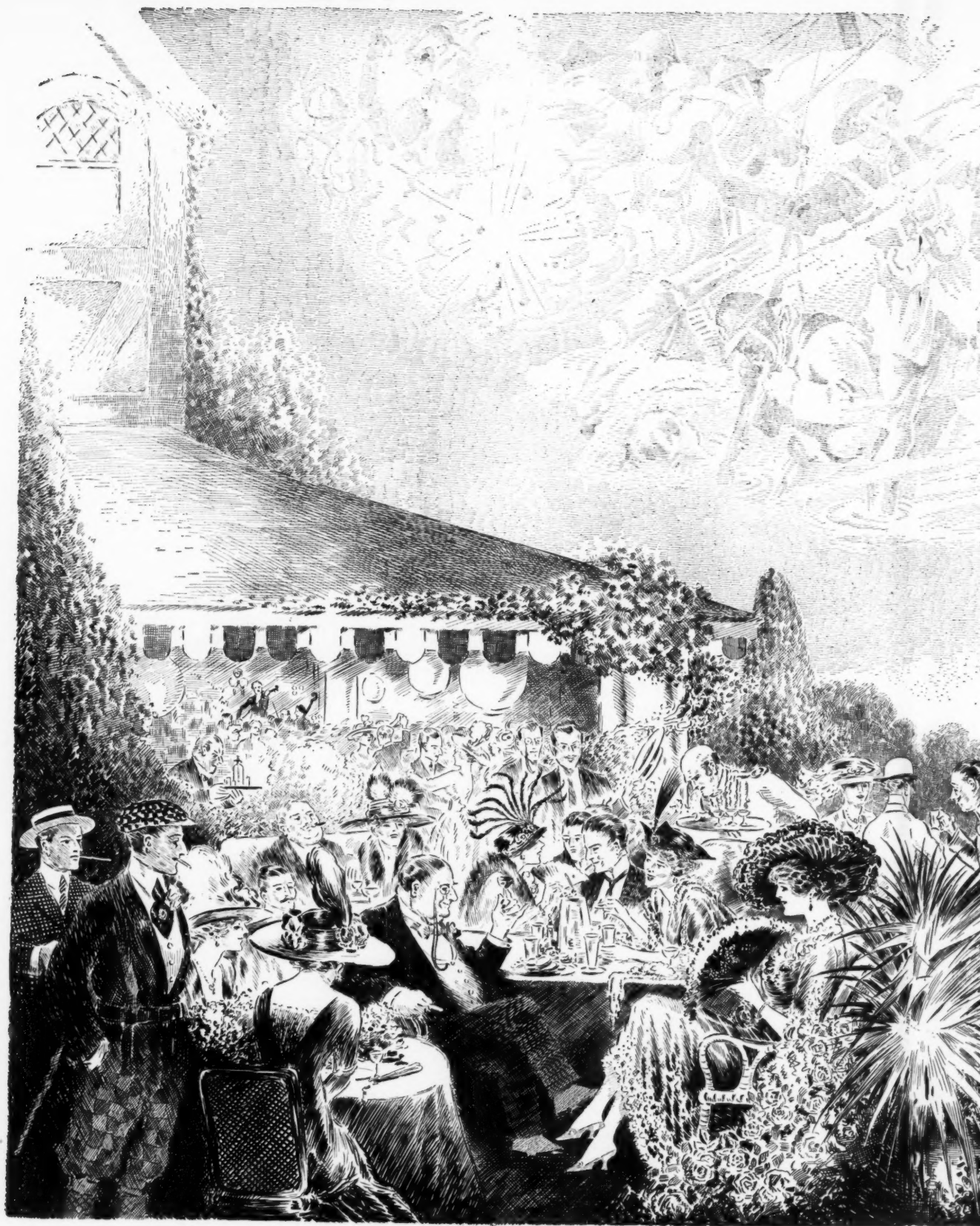
WHEN the impatience with the friction between General Goethals and the Shipping Board was at its height LIFE expressed a desire for information as to the value of Mr. Denman to the shipping situation. It referred to stories that his father-in-law had sold supplies to the German squadron that wiped out the British squadron off Chile. It enquired if he (Mr. Denman) was an English hater; if he was fighting anyone who ought to be fought, or merely holding up work; if he was pro-Ally or pro-German.

Some of this information has since come in. Mr. Denman's father-in-law, Mr. Van Ness, died two years ago. He was a lawyer in San Francisco, and has been described as "one of the bitterest pro-Allies" there. He was ill when the war broke out. Someone in San Francisco is believed to have sold supplies to that German squadron, but a highly responsible Boston man who ought to know says the story that Mr. Van Ness did so is "perfect humbug."

This same authority writes: "I have no doubt that Mr. Denman is a thoroughly patriotic American." A well-known New York lawyer writes: "Denman is an honest man. He had good standing in San Francisco. Urged to accept the appointment, he held back a long time, and finally yielded."

Mr. Denman may have dissembled his love for Great Britain so that folks got to think he was anti-English, but no basis appears for the suggestion that he was pro-German. If he had been pro-German it would have been perfidious conduct in him to accept an appointment to the Shipping Board, and quite incompatible with the information above quoted, that he is a "patriotic American" and "an honest man."

Mr. Denman is one of the leading admiralty lawyers of San Francisco. He was identified with most of the good-government, anti-Ruef movements there, and is entitled to have it recorded that he is looked upon with hearty disfavor by the Hearst papers.



"Lest We Forget"



HARRISON CADY

lest We Forget"

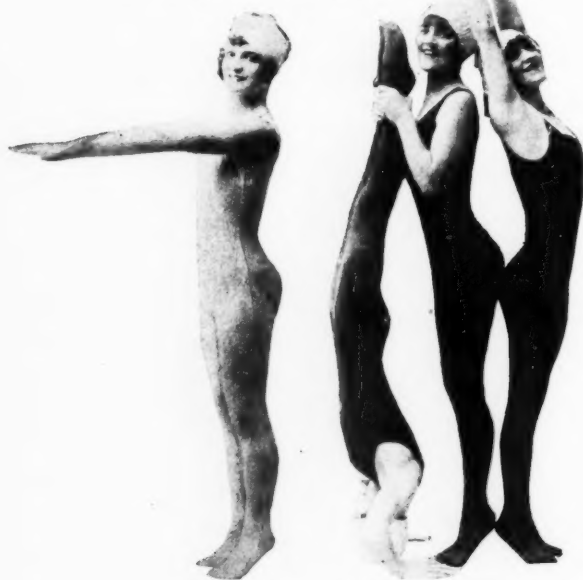


News from the Theatrical Trenches

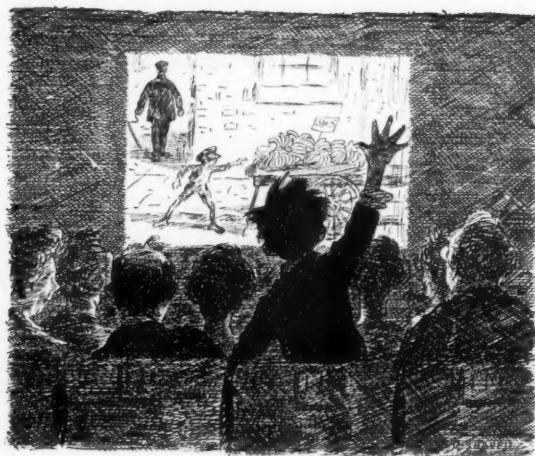
BELIEVE it or not that "clothes make the man," an exchange of clothes between two of the characters makes the interest of the play, "A Tailor-Made Man." If the resourceful tailor's assistant, admirably personified by Mr. Grant Mitchell, had not been endowed with another man's evening dress and a vast amount of self-assurance, none of the amazing and entirely amusing occurrences of this farcical play could ever have come to pass. All the events recorded are incredible, but if the spectator once gives himself up to the hypnotic influence of the foreign author, Gabriel Dregley, and the American adapter, Mr. Harry James Smith, he is carried on by the efforts of an excellent cast to believe in and laugh at a series of happenings that lie entirely outside the limits of probability and possibility. All of which means that "A Tailor-Made Man" is good, clean fun well presented.



ALL appeals to reason and patriotism having failed, it might be well to bring such anti-American senators as La Follette, Stone, Gronna and their deluded associates to sit through a performance at the Hippodrome. Without any theatrical exploitation of the American flag or even intro-



DIVERS IMPRESSIONS FROM THE HIPPODROME



AT THE MOVIES

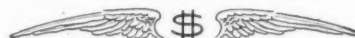
"CHEESE IT! THE CUP!"

ducing "The Star-Spangled Banner," there is a husky Americanism about much of the performance that stirs the big audiences and might even give a spark of emotion to the political carrion just mentioned. But besides the Americanism that permeates the Hippodrome entertainment, it is a good big show with something in its varied features to please every taste. Like the circus, it is meant for the multitude, but there are few of us so advanced in refinement that we can't go back with some pleasure to elementary amusements. These will all be found in the Hippodrome bill, from clowns and elephants to lovely, diving ladies and lots of things between.

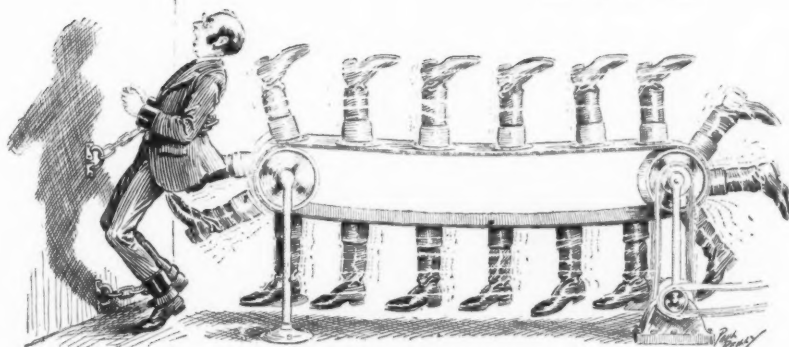
If you would like some not entirely unselfish enjoyment, borrow some orphans and take them to the Hippodrome.



THE "divine Sarah" has been used so much that the adjective is sadly overworked. And if Mme. Bernhardt persists in her wonderful career, the word "immortal," as applied to her, seems destined to the same fate. Considering her years and what she has gone through in physical suffering, her power to stir New York audiences to-day seems to make "marvelous," even "miraculous," more fitting terms.



THIS appears to be a period of theatrical reminiscence, and a curious example of it is Mr. Broadhurst's revival of his twenty-year-old farce, "What Happened to Jones." We who occasionally hark back to "the palmy days" do not include in our retrospects such trivial things as farce, but it is notable that Mr. Broadhurst's experiment in resurrection shows that even in such evanescent material we have not markedly advanced nor markedly changed. Contemporary writers manage to get into works of the character of "What Happened to Jones" a little more of that indefinable quality called "pep," which, like the word that describes it, is of recent origin, reflecting the hectic times. Twenty years ago "What Happened to Jones," unless memory fails, had quite as much "pep" for its period as has the most recent farcical comedy for the public of to-day, but that was the "pep" of twenty years ago, and it is not exactly the "pep" that stimulates the present genera-



THE ACTOR'S IDEA OF CRITICISM

tion. Farce has to be very close to its period, otherwise "Box and Cox" and similar favorites of the long ago would still be popular in other than amateur circles.

Even to-day "What Happened to Jones" does not suffer badly by comparison with contemporary efforts in the same field, although not committed to a very brilliant cast. With the exception of Mr. Hale Hamilton in the title part, no one left much impression.



ALSO reminiscent is "Leave It to Jane," a musical version of "The College Widow." The reminiscence applies not only to the book, but also to Mr. Jerome Kern's score, suggesting that

the composer should take a rest from his over-industry and give his musical originality a chance to reassert itself. It may be that this version of Mr. George Ade's very successful farcical comedy of small-college life is quite as humorous as it was in its earlier form, but it lacks the power of novelty.

In the case of "Leave It to Jane" the formula of injecting music into a former laughing success to produce a new and profitable attraction does not seem to have succeeded.



INGENIOUS theatrical devices were used to give an air of probability to "The Masquerader," a dramatized novel with Mr. Guy Bates Post as the duplicate

hero, but the use of a "double" was over-worked to the extent that at no time was there any illusion. The interest therefore centered in the acting, especially that of Mr. Post as a phenomenally afflicted Member of Parliament shifting into a phenomenally brilliant young political writer in such phenomenal circumstances that the former's wife did not discover the substitution of a stranger for her husband even in the intimacy of their own household. In heroic dramas like "The Corsican Brothers" audiences may allow themselves to be interested in such make-believe, but in the familiar surroundings of contemporary life the gorge of the most indulgent playgoer rises at such a stretch of probability.

In the Jekyll-and-Hyde duality assigned to Mr. Post he was quite as theatric as his theme. He even lacked inspiration to originality, and at different moments suggested the personal peculiarities of Richard Mansfield and Henry Irving, with an occasional touch of Mr. Henry Miller. It would take a very great actor indeed to make an audience forget the gross improbabilities of this play. The task was certainly beyond Mr. Post's powers. Mr. Louis Calvert was at ease and convincing in his devotion as an old family servant, and Thais Lawton, as the indiscriminating wife, showed that added experience since the days of the New Theatre has thawed out some of her austerity and given her more flexibility.

Metcalf.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"The Very Idea," referring to the idea of laying out a family on eugenic principles, is an extremely light but amusing farce.

Bandbox.—Closed.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Notice later.

Bijou.—"Mary's Ankle." Not so anatomical as its title would imply. Rather crude farce with some fun.

Booth.—"De Luxe Annie." Notice later.

Broadhurst.—Opens next Monday with Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance." Notice later.

Casino.—"Love o' Mike." Musical farce with catchy music, a good cast and considerable laugh material.

Century.—Closed.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." See above.

Comedy.—Closed.

Cort.—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Inner Man." The star happily cast in a humorous treatment of some modern notions of criminal reform.

Criterion.—Moving pictures.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Another chapter in the business and social adventures of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter. Funny and well done, with Messrs. Bernard and Carr in their original rôles.

Empire.—"Rambler Rose" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Last week of San Carlo Grand Opera Company in repertory of standard operas.

Forty-eighth Street.—"What Happened to Jones." See above.

Fulton.—Mr. Walker Whiteside in "The Pawn." Notice later.

Garrick.—Closed until its opening as the "Theatre du Vieux Colombier."

Globe.—Moving pictures.

Harris.—"Daybreak."

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." See above.

Hudson.—"Good Night, Paul." Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—Last week of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in repertory.

Liberty.—"Hitchy-Koo." Girl-and-music show with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the star comedian. Quite musical, very girly and really funny.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." See above.

Lyceum.—"The Lassoo." Light comedy getting its not over-abundant humor from mixing up smart society with the moving-picture industry.

Lyric.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. See above.

Manhattan Opera House.—Last week of "The Wanderer." Scriptural and spectacular drama based on the parable of the prodigal son. Picturesque.

Marine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Not a finished play, but a very interesting one with unusually good acting by the star.

Morosco.—Closed.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." Melodramatic demonstration of the fact that a young man may go almost plumb to Hades and yet retrieve himself. Interesting and well played.

Princess.—"Oh, Boy." Frothy but diverting girl-and-music playlet.

Republic.—"Peter Ibbetson." Creditable and well acted dramatization of Du Maurier's dream story.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Musical play with book by Rida Johnson Young. Not too much music, and cleverly introduced, combined with an ingenious, well told story, the whole admirably presented.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Mr. Allen Doone in "Lucky O'Shea." Notice later.

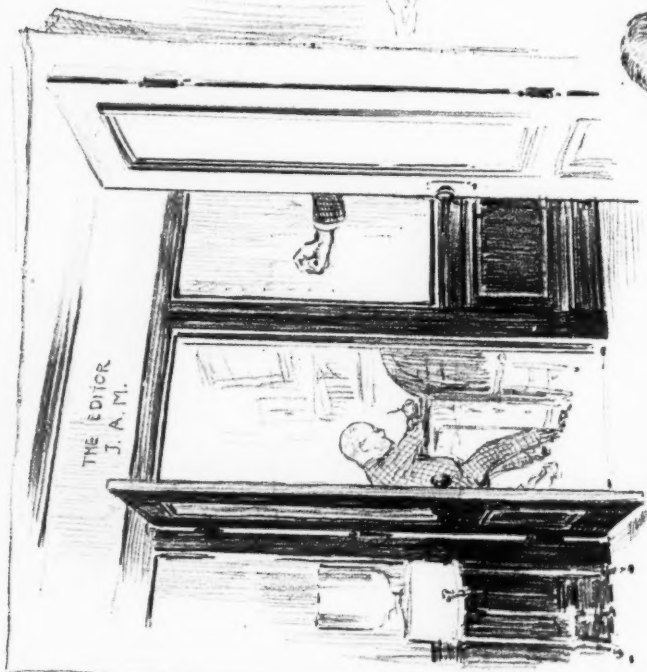
Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1917." Girl-and-music show, typical of the Winter Garden in its bigness and gorgeousness, but much better than its predecessors in the quality of the entertainment.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Exalted cabaret calculated to fill in the time between the closing of the theatres and the closing-hour fixed by law.

THE JOKE
CONTRIBUTOR



THE
EDITORIAL
PAGE
E. S. M.



THE EDITOR
J. A. M.



THIS IS WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES



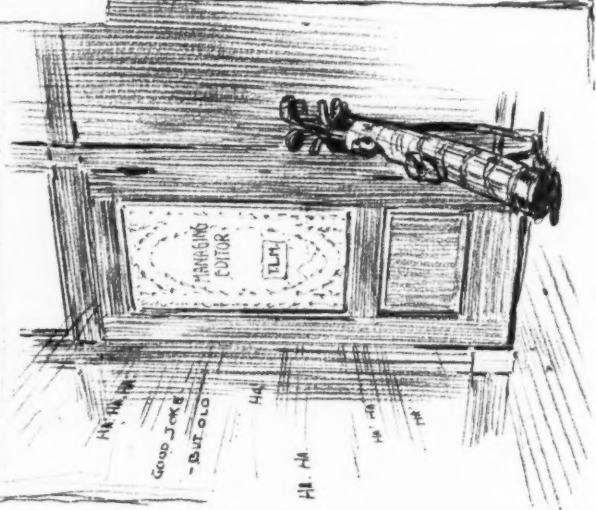
THE DRAMATIC
CRITIC AT WORK



Book
Review



THE POET



Group Joke
- But old

GETTING BACK AT US
THINGS THAT GO TO MAKE UP LIFE



AT THE PEARLY GATES
HIS IDEA OF IT

He Wanted to Know the Truth

"I AM going to ask you to do the unusual thing."

The confident stranger thus addressed the great physician who had just examined him.

"Doctor," he continued, "I am well aware of the fact that no physician in these days likes to tell his patients the truth, but rather prefers to gloss over the facts, to conceal one's real condition. I am going to ask you to make an exception in my case. I want you to tell me exactly what is the matter with me, without fear or favor. I promise that it shall remain a secret. Don't consider my feelings. I am a man of superb courage. I can stand anything."

The doctor hesitated. Such a strange request had never been made to him.

"I think you have," he began somewhat cautiously, "an abscess in the duodenum."

"Go on, sir, don't mind me. I want to hear the worst. Anything else?"

"Your blood pressure is nearly two hundred, which indicates that, that—"

"It's all right, doctor. Don't spare me."

"That you have peritoneal cavities, accompanied by a slight diaphragmatic convulsion; the left aorta is rapidly becoming disintegrated, and the pathological variations of the thyroid gland, coupled with a possible pelvic carcinoma and varicose formations in the lower metatarsals, all show a phylogenetic aberration of the intestinal area, which leads me to believe that you may possibly be a sufferer from other remote causes now in a process of evolution, or in the path of visible demonstration."

"Fine! Fine! Anything more?"

"The bacteriological variation in the corpuscular fields indicates pernicious anemia; you also have phthisis, a detached stomach, incipient typhoid, smallpox, diphtheria and dropsy."

The stranger got up. His face was suffused with gratitude.

"I can't tell you how thankful I am to you for having given me this frank talk," he said, as he buttoned up his coat. "Wish I could stay longer, but I must hurry back."

"Don't mention it, sir. I am interested in your case. I could—"

"Sorry, doctor, but I have no time to lose. You see, I am one of the candidates for a human-being contest, started by our local exposition, and have just been awarded the first prize of one thousand dollars as the only perfect human being in the entire collection, and I was just interested in having you confirm the unanimous opinion of the board of doctors, who, as judges, awarded me the prize."

An Extremist

COUNTRY CONSTABLE (*to motorist*): You have evidently been drinking to excess. There is hardly enough left in this bottle to soften my heart sufficiently to release you!

LIFE'S Roll of Honor

BELOW LIFE begins the printing of another hundred names of French babies orphaned by the war and the names of the Americans who have contributed for their support. The list of LIFE's readers who have helped this cause is a notable one—a veritable roll of honor. Is your name included in it?

We have received \$121,590.17, from which we have remitted to France 675,542.45 francs.

LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

The Officers and Crew of the U. S. S. Cassin, London, England, for Baby No. 1636.....	\$73
Valentine L. Fine and Andrew M. Fine, Jr., Scranton, Pa., for Baby No. 1638.....	73
Billy and Jean MacDougal, Chicago, Ill., for Babies Nos. 1639 and 1640.....	146
M. F. Zero, Shanghai, China, for Baby No. 1643.....	73
Mrs. C. F., Cobourg, Ontario, Canada, for Baby No. 1644.....	73
Harry Barney, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Babies Nos. 1646 and 1647.....	146
Mrs. J. S. Douglas, Douglas, Ariz., for Babies Nos. 1648, 1649 and 1650.....	219
Mrs. Thomas S. Childs, Holyoke, Mass., for Baby No. 1651.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Beal, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Babies Nos. 1652 and 1653.....	146

FOR BABY NUMBER 1610

Already acknowledged.....	\$16.51
The proceeds of a Poverty Party originated by Bronson Griscom and other children at Birches, Me.....	53.05
The Officers and Crew of the U. S. S. Cassin, London, England.....	3.44

FOR BABY NUMBER 1637

The Officers and Crew of the U. S. S. Cassin, London, England.....	\$25.84
"A Friend," Lee, Mass.....	36.50
Billy and Jean MacDougal, Chicago, Ill.....	4
Miss Eleanor Turley, New Hope, Pa.....	2
Geo. A. Dickson, New Castle, Pa.....	3
Augustine Alric, Nogales, Arizona.....	1.66

\$73



CHARLES AND ODETTE ROCH,
BABIES 1293, 1294

In this list we print first the number and name of the baby, followed by the names of the contributors.

1583. René Aubert. Mrs. John G. Clemson, Portland, Ore.	
1523. Raymond Bentz. W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.	
1515. Huguette Béranger. "Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal.	
1518. Anne Bizien. Mrs. Willis B. Sterling, Erie, Pa.	
1517. Marcelle Boissieux. Mrs. Zora K. Bodler, San Francisco, Cal.	
1581. Marie Boulay. Bass Rocks Golf Club, Gloucester, Mass.	
1537. Céleste Boulonnais. Evelyn Virginia Willing, Evelyn Eyre Willing, Philadelphia, Pa.	
1569. Augustine Bourdon. "Un nom de orph." Ridgefield, Conn.	
1527. Pierre Bourquin. W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.	
1533. Guillaume Bousquier. Mary C. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.	
1576. Jeanne Boyer. John M. Davidson, Antofagasta, Chile.	
1531. Henriette Bozec. George R. Ford, Jr., Miss Grace Miller Ford, Perrysburg, Ohio.	
1532. Louis Bozec. George R. Ford, Jr., Miss Grace Miller Ford, Perrysburg, Ohio.	
1528. Raymond Brabant. W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.	
1568. Roger Brana. "Un nom de orph." Ridgefield, Conn.	
1519. Madeleine Brchault. Women of Churchville, Pa.	
1536. Marie Brugnon. Evelyn Virginia Willing, Evelyn Eyre Willing, Philadelphia, Pa.	



EDMOND PEYTOURAUX,
BABY 102



ANDRÉ ELSPHE, BABY 717

FOR BABY NUMBER 1642

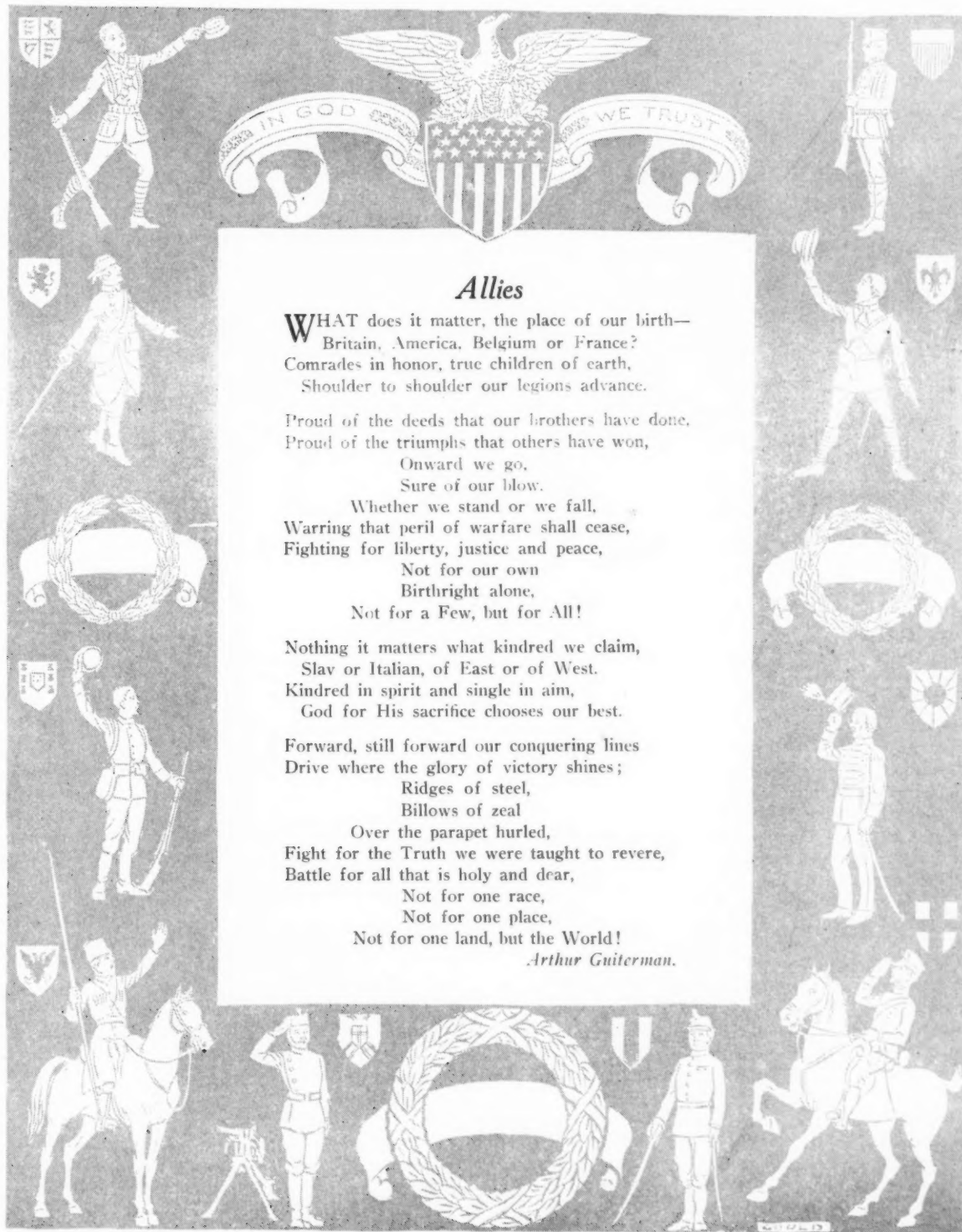
Augustine Alric, Nogales, Arizona.....	\$3.34
D. R. Zimmerman, Frederick, Md.....	5
"The Silver Lake Red Cross Club".....	36.50
Marjorie Longbrake, Galesburg, Ill.....	3
Robert Crane, Casper, Wyo.....	12.25
Proceeds of a lemonade and candy sale held by the girls of the "L. H. S." Club, Freeport, N. Y.....	7
M., Amherst, Mass.....	5.91

FOR BABY NUMBER 1645

M., Amherst, Mass.....	\$73
"Evelyn, in memory of Dodo," Nantucket, Mass.....	\$1.09
W. R. Harney, Jacksonville, Fla.....	1
M. G. F., Brookline, Mass.....	24.33
Katharine Holt, Birmingham, Ala.....	10
Jerry Adams, Valley, Neb.....	5
Magnus Nelson, Valley, Neb.....	1

\$47.42

1598. Henry Carpentier. In memory of Aaron A. Sargent, San Francisco, Cal.	
1546. Francois Caruso. Geo. M. Verity, Middletown, Ohio.	
1542. Marcelle Cérésa. Geo. M. Verity, Middletown, Ohio.	
1543. Lydie Chabernaud. Geo. M. Verity, Middletown, Ohio.	
1516. Henri Charlemagne. "Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal.	
1545. Kléber Chartrain. Geo. M. Verity, Middletown, Ohio.	
1585. Elisa Chauveau. Mildred I. Alfred, Annie Bingham, Muriel Clark, Dorothy Hodge, Ruth Robinson and Eleanor Walker, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.	
1553. Gérard Contet. P. A. Brangier, Agnew, Cal.	
1535. Lucienne Cuvelier. Mrs. Rafael del Castillo, New York City.	
1616. Jules Darré. Miss Annie M. Alexander, Piedmont, Cal.	
1524. Antoinette Davaud. W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.	
1597. Raymond Debuissier. Mrs. Walter P. Frye, Marlborough, Mass.	
1588. Marie Decressac. Mrs. Vernon Castle, Englewood, N. J.	
1541. Andrée Delacourcelle. Ada T. Huntzinger, New York City.	
1605. Simone Dion. Several contributors.	
1548. André Doucet. "Memory of Jinny, August 2, 1909."	
1538. Jules Doucet. Mrs. Mary D. Vizard and Miss Mary Kelly Vizard, Mobile, Alabama.	
1555. Madeleine Duhoux. P. A. Brangier, Agnew, Cal.	
1582. Pierre Durel. Mrs. John G. Clemson, Portland, Ore.	
1560. Jean Ehrlicher. P. A. Brangier, Agnew, Cal.	



Allies

WHAT does it matter, the place of our birth—
 Britain, America, Belgium or France?
 Comrades in honor, true children of earth,
 Shoulder to shoulder our legions advance.

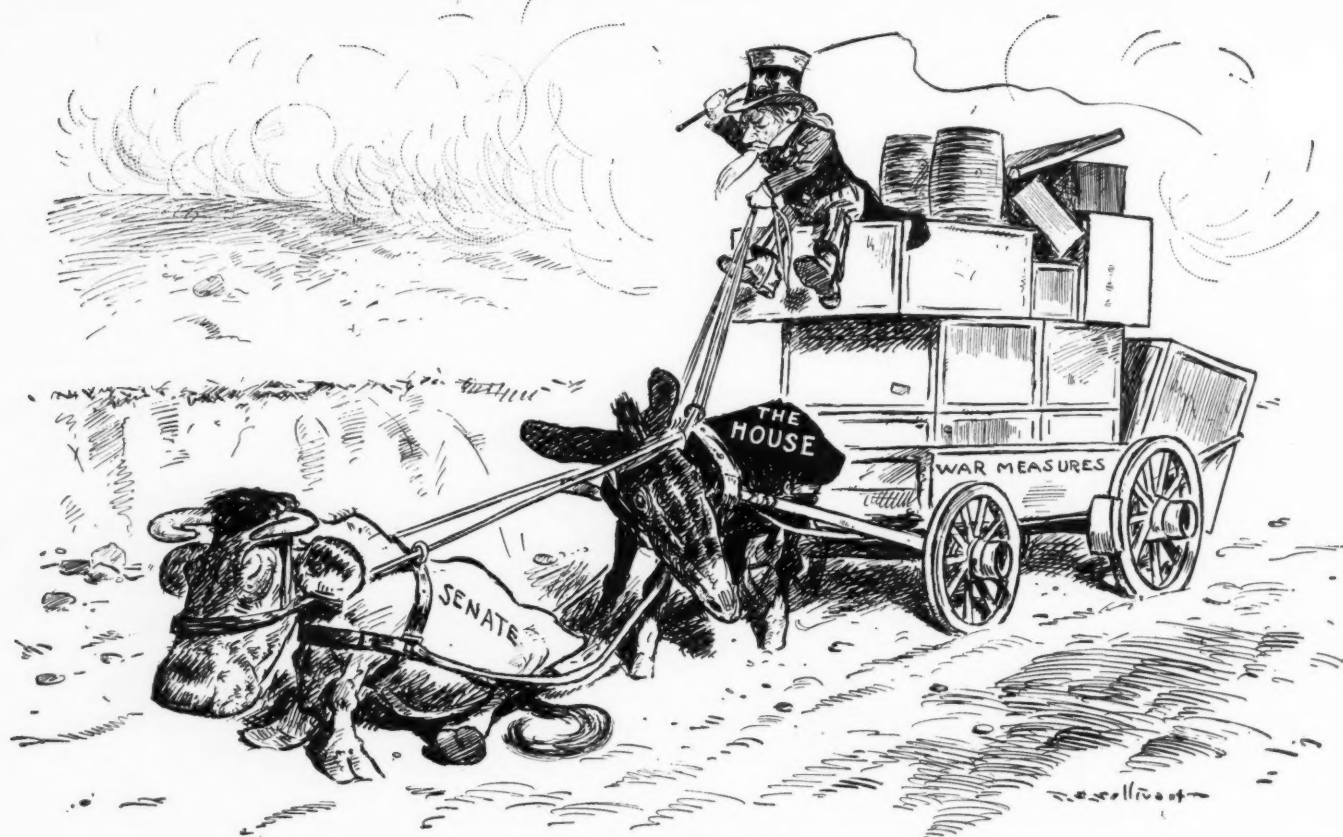
Proud of the deeds that our brothers have done,
 Proud of the triumphs that others have won,
 Onward we go,
 Sure of our blow.

Whether we stand or we fall,
 Warring that peril of warfare shall cease,
 Fighting for liberty, justice and peace,
 Not for our own
 Birthright alone,
 Not for a Few, but for All!

Nothing it matters what kindred we claim,
 Slav or Italian, of East or of West.
 Kindred in spirit and single in aim,
 God for His sacrifice chooses our best.

Forward, still forward our conquering lines
 Drive where the glory of victory shines;
 Ridges of steel,
 Billows of zeal
 Over the parapet hurled,
 Fight for the Truth we were taught to revere,
 Battle for all that is holy and dear,
 Not for one race,
 Not for one place,
 Not for one land, but the World!

Arthur Guiterman.



"I KNEW THEY'D GO BACK ON ME"

No Hope

IT was early when a young man, his face bearing evidence of great anxiety, entered the office of the celebrated detective agency. The manager, who had just come in, shut the door.

"Your story?" he asked.

"Is this. I am to be married in three weeks to a beautiful and charming girl who—"

"Name and address?"

The young man gave them to him. The manager consulted a book.

"Know all about her," he said sententiously. "Wealthy parents. Fine pedigree. Striking girl, noted for her excellent judgment and taste. Cultured. Attractive. Exclusive. Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I wish to communicate with her on a matter of great importance."

The manager of the detective agency mused. This was undoubtedly an un-

usual case, and he must not evince any curiosity.

"By what means have you tried to reach her?" he asked.

"Everything I can think of. She began getting ready for the wedding three days ago. That was when communication was cut off with me."

"Ah, yes." The manager was beginning to understand.

"You said good-bye?"

"Certainly. She explained that she wouldn't be able to see me before the wedding. I understand it is usually the thing in this country."

"Quite usual," replied the manager, who now had the clue. "You parted on friendly terms, I presume?"

"Quite so."

"Now, tell me what you have done. Telephoned, I presume?"

"Spent a day doing that. Her line is always busy."

"Messenger?"

"A dozen. They never penetrated the outer line of relatives and dress-makers, to say nothing of the immediate family and the bridesmaids."

"You've written?"

"Written and wired. No results."

The manager reflected. He got up.

"Young man," he said, "it is impossible. In all my experience as a detective I have never known a fellow who married a society girl who was able to get into communication with her while she was making the preparations."

A Safe Job

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT
(in Berlin, after the war):
Weren't you ever in the danger zone?

EX-ROYAL SERVANT: Nix. I staid
always mit der Crown Prince.

Cubist Poems

(After Gertrude Stein)

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF

WOBBLE, wobble, wobble.

Weak whiskers diluted nervously.

Bomb fear, German fear, army fear, self fear, superstitious fear, a palpitating heart and a frantic fear.

Colorless numbness wobbling weakly and a cloud of lukewarm cambric whiskers and fear.

Weariness and laxness and an aura of dark oppression and persistent wobbling. Fearful aloofness and energetic wobbling. Wobbling mind, wobbling morals, wobbling acts, wobbling crown.

Totter, totter, wobble, totter, totter.

Crash!

A basket for the fearful wobbling pieces!

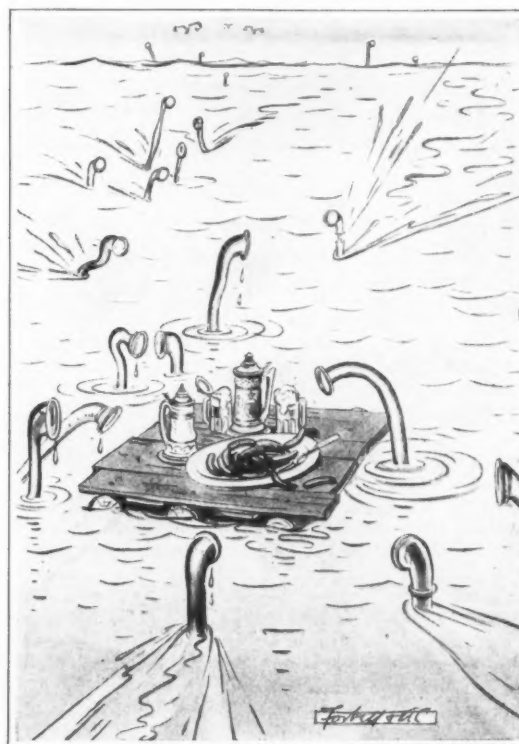
MICHAELIS

Grumpy stuffy, stuffy grumpy. An ignorant dark blue grouch behind a little pig eye and a Prussian snarl.

Stiff neck, stiff brain, stiff collar, stiff mustache, stiff thoughts, big stiff thoughts and a Big Stiff.

Cruel cruel and a narrow bitterness. Sneak out, lie out, dodge the blame, squirm and sneak and threaten and lie out and grab at everything with filthy hands.

A stubborn cabbage head and an obstinate sourness.



DEVICE FOR LOCATING SUBMARINES

SO THAT BOMBS MAY BE DROPPED ON THEM

Cabbages and sourness and a piece of large diplomatic sauerkraut flavored with brutality.

Victory, victory, we are victorious, we have conquered, we are the innocent kindly conquerors, sweet sweet victors and conquerors and a tub of brutal sauerkraut.

Sweet peace and a vicious Prussian eagle with bloody talons in a dove's skin.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Accessories All

THE grand jury of Lauderdale County, Mississippi, has brought an indictment against William Hohenzollern, German Emperor, charging him with robbery, arson, murder, rape, plotting, bribery and conspiracy. The indictment was turned over to the sheriff by the judge, with instructions that service be secured at the earliest possible moment. The grand jury of Lauderdale County has made an auspicious start. Its next move should be to bring a true bill against Senators La Follette, Stone, Reed, Gronna, Kirby and Vardaman as accessories after the fact.

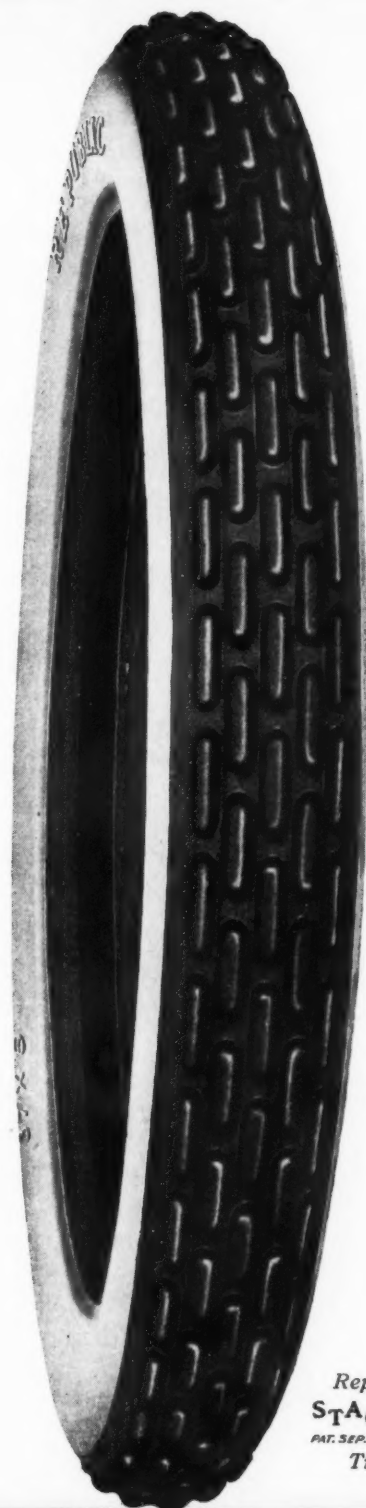
JUNE: Did she love him so much?

TESS: Why, she married him in spite of her parents' urging!



Younger One: OH, LOOK! HE'S BOW-LEGGED!

"SHUT UP! DON'T YE KNOW YE AIN'T TO GIVE AWAY NO WAR SECRETS?"



Republic
STAGGARD
PAT. SEP. 15-22-1908
Tread

Performance of The Republic

We have reports, now, on the performance of Republic Tires on the worst roads of the world.

The virtues of the Prödium Process in prolonging tire life are again conclusively demonstrated.

New Zealand, for instance—with mere trails through volcanic rock—reports mileage almost beyond belief.

On the trackless African veldt, Republic Tires have proved their greater wear-resistance.

From the gumbo roads of our west; the hot California deserts, the timber roads of Minnesota, comes the same report:—

Republic Tires *do* last longer.

This is due to the Prödium Process, which was discovered and developed in Republic laboratories.

It makes rubber tremendously strong and tough and long-lived to a remarkable degree.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

*Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread*

REPUBLIC TIRES



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

He'd Been to the "Front"

The hobo knocked at the back door and the lady of the house appeared.

"Lady," he said, "I was at the front—"

"You poor man!" she exclaimed. "One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food, and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front—"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked, but I couldn't make nobody hear, so I came around to the back."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

"Arter Larnin"

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse.

"This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with trigonometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

—*The People's Home Journal*.



HELD ON MARGIN

Wanted All the Spoils

An old colored man charged with stealing chickens, was arraigned in court and was incriminating himself when the judge said:

"You ought to have a lawyer. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain't got no lawyer, jedge," said the old man.

"Very well, then," said his honor, "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, suh; no, suh! Please don't do dat!" the darky begged.

"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, jedge, Ah'll tell you, suh," said the old man, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's dis way. Ah wan'tah enjoy dem chickens mahse'f."

—*Chicago News*.

Biting Reproof

During a dust-storm at one of the army camps, a recruit sought shelter in the cook's tent.

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much dust in your soup."

"See here, my lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," replied the recruit, "but not to eat it."—*Christian Register*.

MISTRESS: Ellen, what are you putting the fly paper outside the house for?

GREEN GIRL: Sure, ma'am, it gets filled up quicker outside.

—*Boston Transcript*.

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

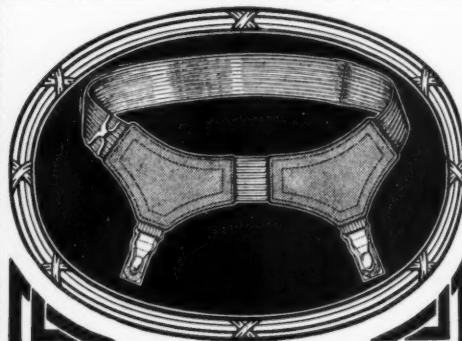
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Reclamation Camps Proposed

DR. JOHN H. QUAYLE, of Cleveland, wants to establish reclamation camps at which men registered for the draft but rejected because of minor ailments can be put in condition for service. Of men who offered for enlistment in March of this year, about sixty-eight per cent. failed to meet the physical requirements of the examiners. The men registered for the draft will hardly do better, but Dr. Quayle insists that three to six months in a reclamation camp, with proper exercises and medical and surgical attention, would bring ninety per cent. of them up to the army standard. He estimates that the cost of reclamation of this sort would be about one hundred dollars per man. Young men, he says, between twenty-one and thirty-one seldom have anything the matter with them that cannot readily be cured. If they are unfit, it is usually because their habits have been bad or their occupations unfavorable. He gives a list of twenty-five ailments on which rejections are commonly based, including blood taint, heart disease, ear and eye defects, flat-foot, alcoholism, injuries and hernia, most of which would yield to treatment in a short time.

The Surgeon-General of the army and the Secretary of War are said to think well of Dr. Quayle's project, and Senator Pomerene of Ohio has introduced a bill appropriating money to carry it out.

Let us hope Congress will provide at least for a trial of this idea. It sounds very good. Dr. Quayle thinks the Prussian machine will be very hard to break. He has seen it, and believes that a great many American soldiers will be needed before it is smashed. He thinks that if we are to draw our armies from men of the ages now called, we must use a much larger percentage of them than we are now getting. If it turns out as he expects, and we run through the ten million men now registered, and do not get as many men as we require, the reclamation camp idea will gain in favor.

Try it, then, and see what it can do. It sounds entirely reasonable. It will benefit the men it works on whether they get into the war or not. It will be useful as a supplementary detail of universal military training as long as we have to have such training. Well carried out, it would be worth its cost in peace or war. There are always in stock a lot of youths in the early twenties who need a stiff course of reclamation, and far too many of them go to the bad for lack of it. Their friends would welcome reclamation camps as a great boon for them.



The Military Razor

In the field there is no supply base for razor equipment. The razor that the soldier carries must, therefore, be complete in itself and self-maintaining. That is why the

AutoStrop Safety Razor

is the true Military Razor. It takes care of its own blades, keeping them sharp and free from rust. It requires no stropping machine.

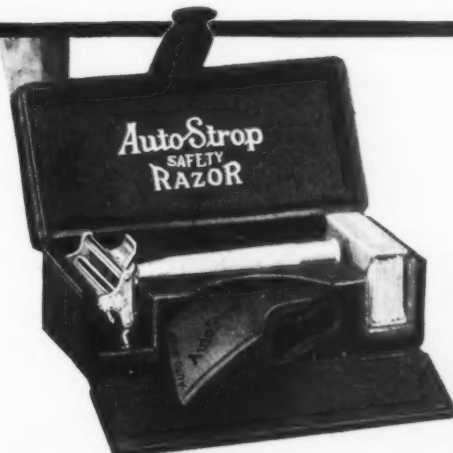
It sharpens its own blades

Its twelve blades will give five hundred clean, smooth, comfortable shaves, whether the skin is tender or rough, or whether the water is cold or hot. The AutoStrop Razor is small, light and compact; always ready for service.

If you are called to the colors, take an AutoStrop Razor with you. If you have a soldier in training or at the front, send him this soldier's shaving outfit.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Full Particulars Free

They were seated in a tramcar—the mother and her little boy.

The conductor eyed the little boy suspiciously. He had to keep a lookout for people who pretended that their children were younger than they really were, in order to obtain free rides for them.

"And how old is your little boy, madam, please?"

"Three and a half," said the mother truthfully.

"Right, ma'am," said the conductor satisfied.

Little Willie pondered a minute. It seemed to him that fuller information was required.

"And mother's thirty-one," he said politely.—*Tit-Bits*.

"THE MANOR"—Asheville, North Carolina
IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF.

Luck

A very nervous freshman met Dean Jones of Yale one morning and found himself obliged to walk out of chapel with the dean, who was a friend of his family. Chimes ringing at a church they were passing made him attempt a conversation.

"I think those chimes are wonderful," he said. No answer. "Aren't those chimes exquisite?" he stammered. Still no response. "Those are the most beautiful chimes"—he raised his voice a bit.

"Did you speak?" said the dean. "I can't hear on account of those infernal chimes!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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takes a student in October, solves his problem, trains him how to study, gives him force, so develops him that he enters college in September well prepared. *Its Record Insures Success.*

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LISTERINE

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Prevents infection of cuts and wounds. It is also a refreshing toilet lotion for use after shaving.

When the "S" Fell Out

"We are thorry to thay," explained the editor of the Skedunk *Weekly News*, "that our compothng-room wath entered lath night by thome unknown thcoundrel, who thtolt every 'eth' in the ethtablithment, and thuccceeded in making hith ethcape undetected.

"The motive of the mitherecant doubt-leth wath revenge for thome thuppothed inthult.

"It thall never be thaid that the petty thpote of any thmall-thouled villain hath dithabled the *Neweth*, and if thith meet the eye of the detethtable rathcal, we beg to athure him that he underethtimated the rethhoureeth of a firht-clath newth-paper when he thinkth he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take occathion to thay to him furthermore that before next Thurthday we thall have three timeth ath many etheth ath he thtolt.

"We have reathor to thuthpect that we know the cowardly thkunk who committed thith act of vandalthim, and if he ith ever theen prowling about thith ethtablithment again, by day or by night, nothing will give uth more thatithfaction than to thoot hith hide full of holeth."—*Tit-Bits*.

Who Knows?

A lad in a Chicago school refused to learn to sew, evidently deeming it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man.

"George Washington sewed," said the instructor, "he took it for granted that a soldier must. Do you consider yourself better than George Washington?"

"I don't know," said the boy seriously, "time will tell."—*Harper's*.

IT was on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. King Henry had just been kissed on both cheeks by King Francis. "And now, my royal coz," said the former, "may I have a look at this week's copy of LIFE? I subscribe, but neglected to forward my change of address."

With a Motive

"There's a girl who is always anxious to take my part."

"A devoted friend, eh?"

"My understudy," explained the star simply.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"LIFE'S TOO SHORT"

WHY BONDS?

The Nation needs money. Bonds extend long after "war profits" end. They increase all taxes, burden industry until paid and ultimately cost \$2.00 for every \$1.00 raised. They increase living costs and reduce wages.

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TAX LAND

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

A Scotchman's Address to Kaiser Bill

CURSED be yer ugly Prussian face,
Worst savage o' the human race;
Soon may some missile end yer pace,
Baith sure and sudden,
And soon may yer carcass find a place
On some French midden.

For years and years ye've been preparin'
For yer unholy murderin' erran';
But, Kaiser Bill, ye'll get yer fairin'
As sure as death,
And glory waits the faithier's bairn
That stops yer breath.

Oh, if some Scotchman's God-spied bullet
Wad in yer black heart find its billet,
I'd laud wi' joy that Scot and pellet
In twa 'r three verses.
I'd like tae tan yer hide and sell it
Just like a horse's.

Incarnate fiend in human guise,
Ye surely got a big surprise
When ye saw ye couldna' kaiserize
The land o' France.
Britannia's jolt between the eyes
Stopt yer advance.

Twa years and mair afore yestreen
Yer plans were laid and a' foreseen—
Tae mass brass bands on Glesca green
Or Kelvenside.
And yer band's first tune was tae hae
been,
"Wacht on the Clyde."

This Prussian program came tae nil,
But as sure as yer name is Kaiser Bill
The Hielan' pipers surely will
Play in Berlin.
Or ye may hear them, by God's will,
In St. Helene.

DUNLAP Celebrated HATS Fall Styles Now On Sale



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Agencies in all Principal Cities



At rare intervals, when there were slack spells in the work, he was permitted to trudge to school.



The Boy Who Pegged Shoes.

W. L. Douglas Pegging Shoes at Seven Years of Age.

Sixty-five years ago W. L. Douglas started acquiring the knowledge of how to make good shoes.

W. L. DOUGLAS

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You Can Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

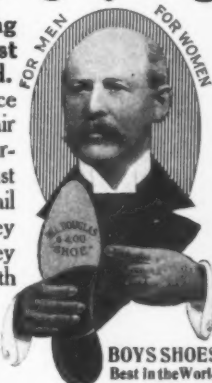
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

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For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores in the large cities. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
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BOYS SHOES
Best in the World
\$3 \$2.50 \$2

Oh, "Holy Willie" ower the Rhine,
Dutch potentate by "Right Divine."
Like Stuart kings o' "Auld Lang Syne,"
Yer goose is cooked
Ah, Kaiser Bill, last o' yer line,
Yer doom is booked.

God damn ye, Kaiser, foulest Hun,
When I think o' a' the ills ye've done;
Ye should be placed before a gun.
An' blawn tae Hell,
For there's nocht else that could be done
Would suit as well.

—Peter Mackay in Dundee (Scotland)
People's Journal.

It begins to look as if any man who wants to keep out of the war may have to go to the North Pole to be perfectly safe.—Jacksonville Times-Union.



NATURE NOTE

LADY KANGAROOS ARE EQUIPPED WITH GOLF BAGS, AND HAVE NO USE FOR CADDIES



**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain
Pen**

WITH the world at war, each day adds pages to history. The men of America are making it—Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—the pen of America—is writing it. It is the pen dependable in the trenches and on the seas, as in the homes, schools and workshops.

The dominant superiority of Waterman's Ideal as a writing tool, and its matchless reliability and convenience, have put it into the hands and made it the preferred pen of writers all over the world.

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The Surrender

"I HATE to speak of my next-door neighbor," said Petrucia, "but—"

"Tell me all about it," I said sympathetically, for, by painstaking calculation, I had discovered that it takes less time and energy and trouble in the long run to let one's wife tell all about it than it does to attempt to curb her at the start.

"She," said Petrucia, in a whisper, and a glance north, "she copies everything I do. Last week she discovered that little dressmaker of mine. You should see her new hat—a dead copy of the one I got. Now she's having a new door built on the back porch—just like ours. It's simply horrid of them."

"But what flattery!" I suggested, having in mind that one's neighbors, even in thought, should be handled delicately; otherwise—

"It's positively awful of them!" cried Petrucia, her delicate cheeks flushing with honest wrath. "Nothing is sacred to her. It gives me such a queer feeling about her—oh, just as if she was taking constant advantage of me. We planted an umbrella tree. She did the same. It's really—dishonorable!"

A little later I walked with my next-door neighbor. He is an amiable man, although there is half a hidden suggestiveness of firmness, of satire about him at times. He said:

"Nice umbrella tree you have. Got it at the same place that we got ours, I take it."

I murmured that I didn't know about such things.

"Don't you find your porch door a great convenience?" he asked.

"It was my wife's idea—glad you got the benefit of it."

Then he referred quite amiably to the dressmaker and the hat and other things.

Now, I am a timid man, but, I hope, a just and conscientious one. Rage filled my bosom that he should infer we had copied from them, but I didn't dare dispute him, because—well, I had only my wife's word for it, and one doesn't always accept one's wife's word for certain vulgar facts, even though she be handsome and altogether charming. Petrucia might, unwittingly, be mistaken. But I felt that she wasn't, and a deep desire for justice added fuel to the fire. When I got home that evening I said:

"He intimates we've copied them in everything! Are you sure you're right? They put in the umbrella tree first; the porch door, the hat, the—"

BARBARA FREITCHIE was waiting for her cue to fling out the flag which was to startle the Southern hosts. The historical incident came very near not taking place, because she became absorbed in the new copy of LIFE, to which she was a regular subscriber. The flag was all ready to fling out, but the lady was completely oblivious to her surroundings. Fortunately her colored maid could not read, and shook her mistress by the shoulder as the column came down the street.

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.

Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers.

2 Packs Playing Cards

Tally-ho quality, sent for 30c. (elsewhere 50c.) Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston



"Stop!" said Petrucia, eyes flaming; "and you dared to let him!" She was magnificent. She sprang up.

"I'll make him take it back!" she exclaimed.

"Don't!" I begged, in an agony of remorse. "Remember, dear, never have trouble with your neighbors. Suffer in silence. Consider the future. Oh—"

"Come!" she commanded imperiously, "he's sitting on the porch now!"

She dragged me along, a trembling, wretched creature. "Thank God! at any

rate he's alone," I whispered to myself. He got up with a smile. Petrucia opened up with all her bow guns at once.

"What do you mean," she exclaimed, "by saying we got that umbrella tree after you got yours? And the hat and the dressmaker and the porch door? You got 'em all from us."

I tried to wink at my next-door neighbor surreptitiously, just to let him know in a flash, as it were, that Petrucia was really all right, that he mustn't mind, that the bond between us was good as



SPANNING a decade the "St. Paul Road" has wrested from tomorrow the comforts and conveniences of electric travel and made them the heritage of today.

Giant electric locomotives, the mightiest in the world, impelled by the forces of the mountains themselves, haul the heavy steel trains of this railway across the Great Continental Divide—440 miles through the Belt, Rocky and Bitter Root Mountains—with ease.

No smoke—no jars—no cinders—just smooth, even, almost silent travel through the glories of the mountains.

So successful has been the operation of these electrified mountain divisions that work is well under way for the electrification of 211 additional miles through the snow-capped Cascades in Washington.

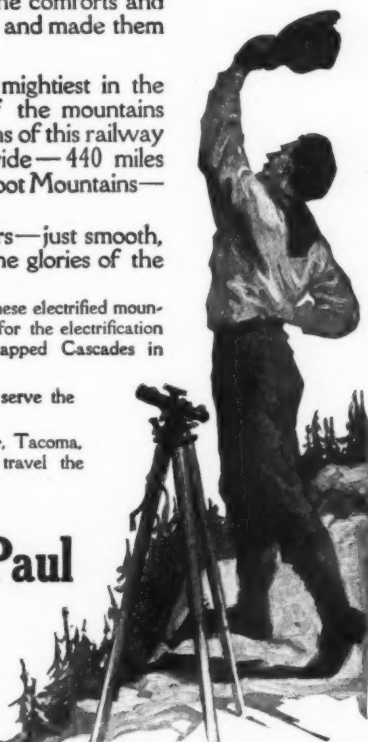
The future has indeed been made to serve the present.

When you journey to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and other Pacific Northwest cities travel the electric way—the

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Salt Mackerel CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FOR THE
CONSUMER

NOT THE
DEALER



FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS., by the FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY, with newly caught, KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH, choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT, sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in PARCHMENT-LINED CANS. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a reliable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send BOOK OF RECIPES for preparing all our products. Write for it. Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most.

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FRANK E. DAVISCO.
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Davis Co.
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Please send me your latest
Fish Price List.

Name.....
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ever, etc., etc., but—well, I didn't dare.

Then suddenly my next-door neighbor did the unexpected. He surrendered to Petrucia. His flag came down.

"Of course, you're right," he said. "It was only a bluff on my part—all except the umbrella tree. I really thought we got that first. But you see, Adele admires you so—" he looked delightfully at Petrucia—"because you have such splendid taste, and—well, I criticized her for doing it, and she said I was horrid, and I promised to stand by her, and this is just between us—"

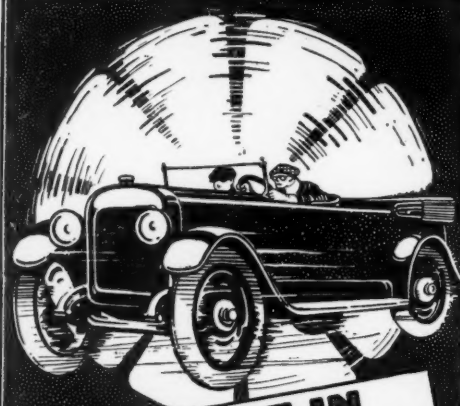
Petrucia grabbed his hand. The tears almost filled her eyes.

"You splendid person!" she cried. "I only wish sometimes my husband would stand by me. I'm so sorry, and of course I'm simply delighted to have you use any idea I have—and you did get the umbrella tree first!"

When we got home she said:

"Do you know, I believe it was their carpenter who told me about the door, but it would never do to give in."

Then I did a wise thing. I kept silent about the secret wink which my next-door neighbor had given me just at the moment when he was pulling down his flag.



**ONE MILE IN
38 ¹/₁₀ SECONDS**
MADE BY STROMBERG EQUIPPED
CHALMERS STOCK CHASSIS
WITH FAN REMOVED

That record was hung up by Joe Dawson May 4th at Jacksonville, Fla. Chances are *you'll* never want to split seconds with so swift a pace. That doesn't matter—doesn't enter into the consideration. All *you* care about is this—the

NEW STROMBERG CARBURETOR

—a stock carburetor at that—*must have* given perfect performance—*must have* delivered the proper gas mixture at the proper time—or that speed could never have been attained.

That's the "meat of the matter"—*proper performance*—greatest power—swiftest speed. If Joe Dawson got it from a stock Stromberg equipped stock car—with *fan removed*—it's certain *you'll* get the same high standard of efficiency and linked with it greatest economy.

Let us convince you of that with a 10-day trial on *your* car.

Send now for full particulars, giving name, year and model of your machine.

STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.

Dept. 912 64 E. 25th Street, Chicago

New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR



"I'VE NOTICED THAT MEAT-SOUP
TIMES COMES TO THE HOUSE WHEN
THE BOSS BARKS IN THAT."

The Manual of Arms

American troops now landing in France have received a more careful and prolonged training than could possibly be given the most of the regiments hurriedly raised during the Civil War. The story goes that a raw battalion of rough backwoodsmen, who had "volunteered," once joined General Grant. He admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field, so he said:

"Colonel, I want to see your men at work; call them to attention, and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank."

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel yelled to his fellow-ruffians:

"Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left endways! Tote yer guns! Git!"

The manœuvre proved a brilliant success, and the self-elected colonel was forthwith officially commissioned.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

Theodore Roosevelt On Birth Control



Without preaching or moralizing Colonel Roosevelt presents the case for "Birth Reform, from the Positive, not the Negative Side." It is not a blast against "race suicide" but a sane discussion, backed by authoritative figures.

"It is no more debatable than the statement that less than two and two cannot make four. Apparently some persons regard it as a satisfactory answer to point out that some worthless or hopelessly poverty-stricken family would benefit themselves and the country by having fewer children. I heartily agree to this, and will support any measure to make this agreement effective by limiting the production of the unfit, after we have first taken effective measures to promote the production of the fit. Doubtless there are communities which it would be to the interest of the world to have die out. But these are not the communities reached by the "birth-control" propagandists—even by that rather small proportion of these propagandists who are neither decadent nor immoral. I hold that the average American is a decent, self-respecting man, with large capacities for good service to himself, his country and the world if a right appeal can be made to him and the right response evoked.—From Theodore Roosevelt's article on Birth Reform.

Exclusively in the October Metropolitan

ALL NEWSSTANDS—SEPTEMBER 7TH

Macbeth Lens



QUALIFY IN NEW YORK

No matter what state you live in, use Macbeth lenses so as to get the exact range of light required by different state laws. Macbeth lenses comply with the new lighting laws of New York State effective August first.

Why Is This Green Visor Lens The Most Expensive?

When you see a car equipped with Macbeth lenses you recognize the owner as one who does *not* risk inferiority.

Your safety, and that of others on the road at night, is too vital to be trusted to makeshift or nondescript lenses.

It makes no difference what *make* of car you drive, safety at night depends upon the efficiency of the *lights*. Plain window glass, or even plate glass, in your headlights does *not* help, but, if anything, hinders the light, creates a glaring menace and conflicts with the law.

Why not put the lenses that utilize *all* the light most effectively, give the highest degree of safety and comply with laws on *your* car?

Macbeth lenses are made by lens *experts*, based upon forty years of all kinds of lens experience.

All upward rays are redirected *down*, avoiding wasted light and dangerous glare and increasing the brilliancy *on the road*.

It concentrates light in front of the car and makes a *long* light *on the road*.

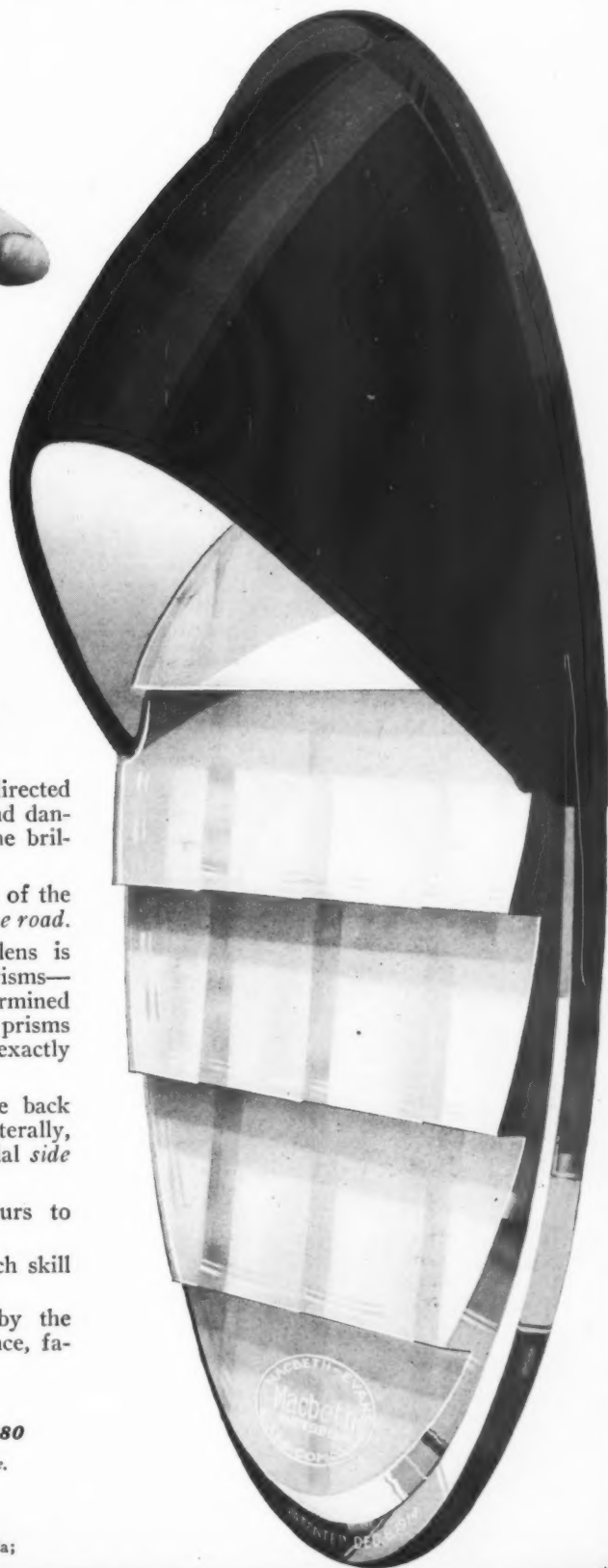
The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy*. These prisms redirect the rays of light at exactly the correct angle.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential *side lighting* for turning corners.

It requires seventy-two hours to build one Macbeth lens.

What other lens receives such skill and care?

No other lens is backed by the same world-wide lens experience, facilities and resources.



Price per pair \$5—Ford Special \$4

Denver and West \$5.50—Ford Special \$4.50—Canada \$6—Ford Special \$4.80

Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco; St. Louis.

Don't Shiver on the Street Corner—Be Warm Inside Your Own Car



Install a WASCO In Your Garage

No waiting in the cold for a street car to come along, but quick "getting there" in your own car if you have a WASCO Heating System in your garage because—

WASCO will keep your car warm all the time, ready to start instantly day or night, it being a coal-burning, self-regulating hot-water heating system that requires attention not more than once or twice a day.

**Coal Burning
Self Regulating
Safe, Constant
Hot Water Heat**

WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY-TO-SET-UP

One-Car System
only
\$65

The One-car WASCO burns but 5 cents' worth of coal a day. For less than street car fare you can operate a WASCO. It is positively safe and is approved by Underwriters and Fire Commissioners.

WASCO eliminates frozen radiators and batteries—cracked water cylinders and straining of a cold engine and starting device. It cuts down repair bills to the minimum. The expense of one freeze-up would more than pay for a WASCO.

**Some Territory Open for
Live Distributors**

We want live, aggressive Distributors in some territory now open. Write for proposition.

Write for Catalog

Explains how to heat your garage economically and safely. Gives complete information regarding different sizes of Systems.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., Inc.
18 Eastwood Sta., Syracuse, N. Y.



A 1-Car WASCO System—This heater and radiator—\$65



The Trapper: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE BOYS NOWADAYS? THEY ARE SO HARD TO CATCH

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

To Vaccinate or Not to Vaccinate?

A Letter to the San Francisco Chronicle

Editor of the Chronicle:

Sir: What do you think of the medical plan of fitting the healthy youth of the country for army service by infecting them with disease—putting them through an illness as a requisite for service? I have just visited a friend in Red Bluff whose son died in hospital at the Presidio late in May of meningitis. He was a recruit, and in the three weeks preceding his illness he had had four or five separate vaccinations. The last was, apparently, the straw that broke the camel's back of his resistance. At that time there were five hundred of the boys in the hospital, and I understand there were only twenty-five hundred in the camp. If a mining camp employing twenty-five hundred should have five hundred in hospital with disease, the health board would be asking what was the matter with that camp. Or if a department store employing twenty-five hundred had a fifth of its force laid off sick, it would deserve investigation. Now, these boys are the pick of the land. They and the youth that are to follow them year after year, as all receive military training, are the progenitors of the nation's future citizens, and a halt should be called on this tampering with the nation's blood by medical faddists, in the opinion of the writer. The President has invited criticism of policies, and yet I know it is timidity and a feeling that it is not patriotic that have withheld condemnation of medical disease propagation in the army and navy. Many a brave man will be sacrificed because of this timidity. In our war with Spain the government was the victim of embalmed beef merchants and medical faddism and incompetency. In this war medical faddism has reached a pitch undreamed of in '98. Why lock the door after the horse is stolen?

LORA C. LITTLE.

Sacramento, June 24, 1917.

The BILTMORE

43rd and 44th Sts. and Madison Ave.

*The Centre of Social
Life of the Metropolis*

Close to theatres and shops.
The Cascades, Italian sunken
gardens. Special features.

Afternoon tea • Orchestra
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KNIGHT

Sleeve Valve Motor

Long-lived

WHAT YOU BUY in a motor car—after you are satisfied as to its appearance and finish—is *miles of service*—and that depends on the life of the motor.

If you paid on the basis of miles of service—you would pay much more for your Willys - Knight compared with other cars. But though you don't buy

measured service in a motor car, that's what you pay for in the end—so much per mile.

And so the longer life of the Willys-Knight motor is just so much additional value—a very real and sizeable amount if figured on a cost-per-mile basis.

It rarely requires any adjustment whatsoever to keep

it running at top efficiency. The accumulation of carbon, which necessitates the frequent adjustment of every other type of motor, actually improves the Willys-Knight motor.

It increases in power, smoothness, flexibility and quietness with use.

So it continuously maintains and renews its high level of

efficiency for thousands of miles beyond the service of which any other type of motor is capable.

Summed up, the advantages of the Willys-Knight Motor are better service, more uniform service, more constant service, longer service.

See the Willys-Overland dealer today about your Willys-Knight.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars

The Fours

Seven Passenger Touring
The Coupe

The Eights

Seven Passenger Touring
Touring Sedan
Limousine
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Williams'

PAT EN TED Holder Top Shaving Stick



IS your beard the wiry kind that grows forty ways for Sunday? Is your skin the tender kind that looks upon a razor as its deadly enemy? Then yours is the beard and yours is the skin that has given Williams' Shaving Soap its hold on men's affections for 77 years.

Try Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick and see what its rich, soothing, softening lather will do for you. Ask for it by its full name—*Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick*—then you will get the added advantage of the metal holder that gives you a firm, dry grip for your fingers. Your appreciation of its convenience and economy grows greater as the stick grows less.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

Send 12c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4c. in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A
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Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder.

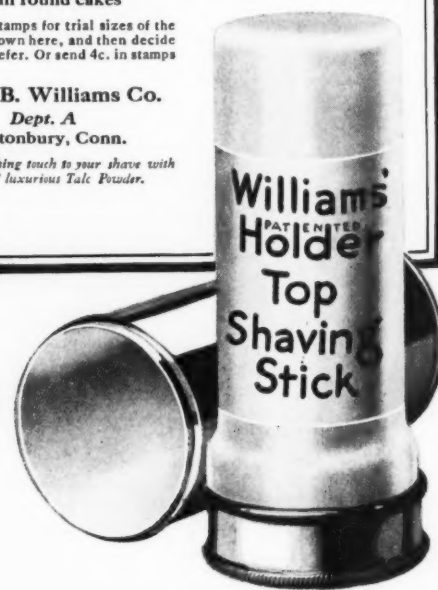
Liquid

Powder

Three other forms
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Cream



NOTICE
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